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MAIL CALL

Condensations of letters received by Leatherneck appear below. The name stated first is that of the person wishing to establish contact with the last named person or persons.

Mrs. James R. Hill, Gen. Del., P.O. #2, Camp Joseph H. Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif., to hear from SSgt. and Mrs. Ray Dudek, believed to be at Camp Lejeune.

* * *

Pfc Joseph A. Friscia, Co. "A", Infantry Demonstration Unit, Schools Troops, Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Va., to hear from anyone who served with his brother, Pfc Anthony S. Friscia, who died while serving with the Fifteenth Marines, Sixth Marine Division.

* * *

Pfc W. A. Van Daniker, Air Observation School, Marine Corps Air Station, Quantico, Va., to hear from Pfc Paul Hartzell and Sgt. D. J. Schwartz, last known to be at Parris Island. Also wish to hear from or about Sgt. Maj. Russell Baker.

* * *

Jimmy Fanning, 198 Sellers Avenue, SE, Orangeburg, S.C., to hear from Jack Dietz and others who served at Parris Island Recruit Depot Post Office during 1942 and 1943.

* * *

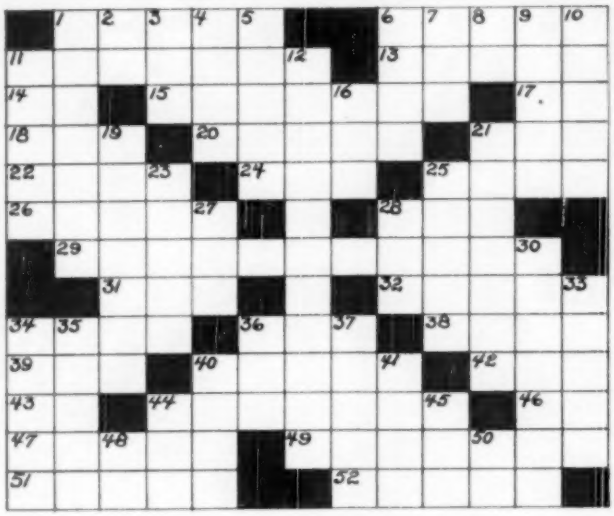
Sgt. Regis G. Schneider, Marine Detachment, USNDB, Naval Base, Portsmouth, N.H., to hear from men he took through boot camp in Platoons 153 and 226, Parris Island, 1948. Also wish to contact Corp. Donald Homiak, last known to be with Gd. Co., H&S Bn., MB, Camp Lejeune, N.C., and former Pfc Carter Shephard, last known to be a student at The Citadel, Charleston, S.C.

* * *

Corp. Roy L. Dutton, VMF-212, MAG-11, MCAS, Cherry Point, N.C., to hear from Pfc Daniel D. Dougherty, last known to be serving at MCAS, Quantico, Va.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



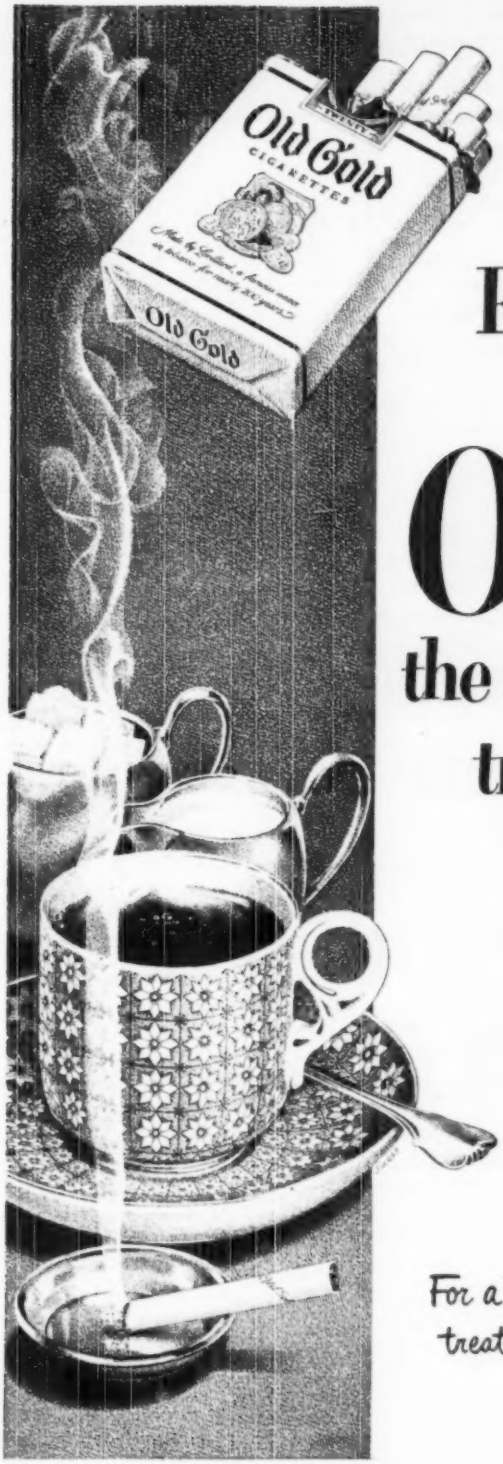
ACROSS

1. Assistants
6. Award
11. Populated
13. Enough
14. Air Corps (abbr.)
15. Scene of Marine landing September 15, 1944
17. Ordnance personnel (abbr.)
18. Place
20. Cause of AOL, AWOL, Brig time, marriage, etc.
21. Article
22. Periods
24. Good holiday egg
25. Dread
26. Begin again
28. Appearance
29. A basic extended order formation of a Marine fire team
31. Conjunction
32. Smacks in the chops
34. Worry
36. Landed like a bird
38. One mess after another
39. Stale
40. Record
42. Marine leader
43. Suffix denoting: alcohol; phenol
44. Scene of final great land battle in Pacific area, War II
46. Troop (abbr.)
47. Tall native grass; Marines saw plenty of it at Cape Gloucester
49. Landscape
51. Rapid
52. Vestige

DOWN

1. Locks up
2. Table of Organization
3. Apparent (abbr.)
4. Took off
5. Brig rat
6. Chief
7. Large Australian bird
8. Displaced person
9. Hello, goodbye, etc. (Hawaiian)
10. Outcast
11. Document
12. Explosives
16. Grandma's limb
19. Mug
21. An area: considered as to military advantages
23. Net
25. Battleground
27. Western Recruiting Division
28. Sighs
30. Ghost (var.)
33. Sad excuse, related in detail
34. Belly robbers
35. Let
36. Landing craft, Infantry
37. Pamphlet
40. Dramatic sketch
41. Jug
44. Blockhead
45. Collection of items
48. In, backwards
50. Explosive compound (abbr.)

(solution on page 62)



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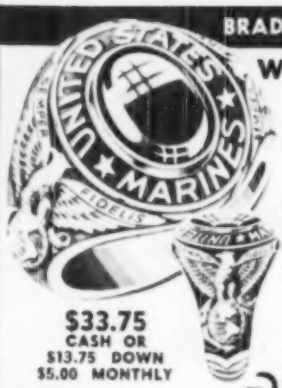

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1938
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MAIL CALL

[*continued from page 2*]

Ralph C. Painter, 2071 Baker Rd., N.W., Atlanta, Ga., to hear from anyone who served with the 1st Service Bn., First Marine Division, between Dec., 1945, and July, 1946. Also former members of Co. "L", 3rd Bn., Twenty-first Marines.

* * *

Joseph P. Pollock, Jr., 166 Van Horne St., Jersey City, N.J., to contact former members of Marine Air Warning Squadron 13 for the purpose of planning an organization reunion.

* * *

Sgt. Paul W. Leach, VMF-115, MAG-15, MCAS, Cherry Point, N.C., to hear from friends who served overseas with him in VMF-422 and also buddies in Platoon 610, Parris Island, 1942.

* * *

Pfc James B. Gummow, ANGLICO, 1st Sig. Bn., First Marine Division, Camp Joseph H. Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif., to hear from friends who went through boot camp with him in Platoon 62, San Diego, late 1947, early 1948.

* * *

Gerry and Mickey (Spaulding) Frizzell, 2950 Palmer Drive, Los Angeles, 65, Calif., to hear from anyone who served with him; especially anxious to hear from old friends presently stationed in California.

* * *

Mrs. Grace Booth, 60 N.E. 68 Terr., Miami, Fla., to hear from anyone who served in Co. "G", 2nd Bn., Twenty-first Marines, with Pfc James C. Booth.

* * *

Sgt. Cecil M. Prouty, USMCR, "C" Battery, Fourth 155-mm. Howitzer Bn., MCRTC, Key Field, Meridian, Miss., to hear from anyone who served with him at Sixth Base Depot, Pearl Harbor, T.H., from 1944 to 1946. Especially wish to hear from Sgt. Carl M. Holtegaard, Jr., of Seattle, Wash., Sgt. Louise Hockenberry, last stationed with Women's Reserve Battalion, Quantico, and Corp. Paul H. Leblond, of Auburn, Maine. **END**

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THE LEATHERNECK, SEPTEMBER, 1950

VOLUME XXXIII, NUMBER 9

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SOUND OFF

Edited by
Sgt. Frank X. Goss

PROMOTION SYSTEM

Sir,

I am not an "old timer" by any means, but have seen many changes in the Corps; changes which have been mostly for the best. For my money we are better off without "Squads, Right!" and even the salty campaign hat. I didn't shed many tears when the .03 was hung on the peg as a relic. But when the present system of promoting men to corporal and sergeant was put into effect, I couldn't resist a regulation growl.

When the officer or NCO immediately in charge of a Pfc has no influence on his chances of getting another stripe, then it stands to reason that the Pfc will not have the same attitude toward his work as he would have if the first requirement for promotion was to be recommended by his immediate superior.

The first group of men eligible to make corporal in my outfit under the new system included some of the biggest eightballs we have. True, they passed their examinations and had the required time in grade, but that doesn't mean they have the ability to put into practice any of the knowledge they were able to put on paper. And from what I have seen of these examinations put out in mass production by some infallible robot, they are masterpieces of trickery and confusion.

I'll take a corporal with a sincere

TURN PAGE

THIS MONTH'S COVER . . .

CAMOUFLAGED by Fall foliage, a machine gun squad simulates firing on the enemy. The reliable old heavy machine gun is still a devastating weapon in the hands of today's well-trained Marines. Photo by *Leatherneck's* Lou Lowery.

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BALLET in the BOUDOIR

It happened down Havana way,
A lessman mustered by one day.
As I was dancing a ballet
In just my—well—thin negligee.

Of course, I really did protest
'Cause after all, I wasn't dressed,
But now it's done—
and I've confessed.
The picture really is my best!

P.S. If you don't see it—
what a shame,
For Lana (me)—has quite a frame!

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SOUND OFF (cont.)

attitude and a little common, horse sense everytime in preference to one who can solve a jig-saw puzzle in the required time limit and nothing else.

I don't object so much to the good men who don't make out on this system as I do the no-good ones who do. I have little sympathy for a man unable to pass a selective examination, regardless of how tricky or confusing it might be. I fully realize a C.O. can hold up any promotion in his command, but any C.O. knows that promotions are good for his unit, and since he needs NCOs anyway, will not hold them up merely because some other man should have gotten it according to duty performance.

The Marine Corps will lose many good men, and retain many goldbricks because of this promotion system. I don't claim it is all bad. In theory it looks ideal, but in practice, the bad points outnumber the good.

Give me the "good old days" when the battalion or company had its own promotion list, when a man knew that his everyday attitude and work would determine whether he would be considered for promotion, and when a man was graded on his practical ability, too, and not on his ability to out-guess a written examination alone.

MSGT.—USMC
(name withheld as requested)
Parris Island, S. C.

● *Thank you for a most interesting letter. We agree with your contentions. We might add that the present promotion system has hurt initiative to a great degree; possibly the phrase, "Bucking for Corporal" will go out of existence shortly. The authority for promotion has been relegated, as you say, to an "infallible robot."—Ed.*

PARAMARINES

Gentlemen:

Why were the Paramarines disbanded? Will the Marine Corps organize any outfits of that type in the future?

Now that island-type warfare is past why can't the Corps have paratroops? If the Army has proved this type of warfare successful, so should we.

Pfc Richard B. Watkin, USMC
Cherry Point, N. C.

● *Paramarine units were disbanded during the war because no further need was seen for them in Marine operations. Subsequently many people believed they could have been used to land on Tinian in 1944.*

Today the Army has primary responsibility for development of airborne units. However, the Marine Corps is also interested in airborne troop movements.

We believe the Marine Corps should continue to have a number of trained parachutists available—just in case. There is no indication that Headquarters Marine Corps contemplates either training or organizing Marine parachute units at this time.—Editor and Publisher

POETRY FANS NOTE

Dear Sirs,

I would like to know if anyone on the staff, or any person reading *Leatherneck* Magazine, could send me a copy of "A Marine's Farewell," which was circulated during or just before the start of the war. Parts of it are as follows, as near as I can recall:

". . . His buddy stumbled through the wheat
To where the Sergeant lay,
And as he lifted up his head
He heard the Sergeant say,
'Just give my love to Annabelle,
My sweetheart of the past, etc.'"

The poem told about all the dying Sergeant's girl friends in different countries. One line refers to a girl from China, "And there's that Chinese gal, my chin-chin of the past."

I'd appreciate any help you or any readers may offer.

Bob Bukowski
Flushing, N. Y.

● *If any of our readers have a copy of the poem, how about sending it to us. We'll forward it to Mr. Bukowski, and make a copy of it for our own collection.—Ed.*

JAY COMPANY

Dear Sirs,

I am writing in regard to a question that has arisen between myself, some other ex-Marines, and some Army boys.

Why isn't there a "J" Company? I was in the Third Marine Division and I have often wondered about this. So far as I know the Army didn't have a "J" Company in their divisions either.

John E. La Bamascis

Mayville, Wis.

● *There is a myth to the effect that a "J" Company once disgraced itself in battle and has not been carried as an organization since that time. Actually, "J" has been avoided as a Company designation because of its phonetic sound; Jay sounds too much like Kay. In many cities—Washington, D.C., for example—there is no "J" street; Eye and Kay Street, but no Jay.—Ed.*

MORE ON BLACKMER

Dear Editor,

In your March issue we ran across a letter in the Sound Off column that fairly made our blood boil. It was from a punk by the name of Charles G. Blackmer, who was a "proud civilian." It seems that he was an old salt with something better than one year in the Corps. During that year, he states, he saw nothing but confusion and disorder, and apparently thinks that the U. S. Marine Corps is about the lowest form of human life. Boy, is he nuts!

It really hurts our pride to think that the Corps had, or still may have, guys like Blackmer in its ranks. He seems to think we are generally fouled up. We contend that the Marine Corps is the best outfit in the world. It always has been the best and we sincerely believe that it always will be. If the day ever comes that we are an organization ruled only by confusion and disorder, it will be only because the Marine Corps became infested with characters like this "proud civilian."

You are right, Editor, we must be out of step with "Mr." Blackmer, and we might add that we're glad to be out of step with a yard bird like him. We are Marines (or at least trying to be) and we're damned proud of it!

Well, Blackmer, you proud civilian, you, there are a few of us on Guam who are glad you're out, too.

Three Proud Marines,
Pfc Billy C. McClelland
Pfc Billy F. Garrett
Pfc Edward G. Welenc

Marine Barracks, Guam, M. I.

TURN PAGE

Ease That Tension . . .

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AE97

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THE MARINE CORPS GAZETTE
Box 106, Marine Corps Schools
Quantico, Virginia

...1950

SOUND OFF (cont.)

Dear Sir,

I am sounding off about that character, Charles G. Blackmer.

So he believes that the Corps is a parasitical organization and no good in general.

I have had four persons from my family in the service. My dad went to France in the first World War; he was in the Army. Two of my brothers were in the Navy during World War II, and now I have another brother in the Air Force.

If Blackmer had a brain to think with maybe—just maybe—he would think twice before slurring an outfit like the Marine Corps. But even if he did have a brain there is no telling whether he would know how to use it.

I have been a Pfc for the past two years and a private for a year before that. Usually I don't get TOd when I read the Sound Off column but when somebody like Blackmer pops up I get good and mad.

What's the matter with him anyway? Did some tech sergeant say boo to him?

A damned proud Marine,
Pfc William F. England

Marine Barracks,
Yokosuka, Japan

Sirs,

I'm writing this letter, not for myself but for the whole outfit on Midway Island. We all have read your March issue of the *Leatherneck* and not one of us can see where your "proud civilian" has any room to gripe.

Most of the men out here pulled duty in the States when the one year Regulars started to take over. It seems that they were getting the softest duty and the best deal at all their duty stations. If Blackmer didn't then he must have been one of the proverbial type of birds we have in the Corps. Out of his year with the Corps he only did about seven months actual duty, and at five different stations. We think he ought to *shut up*.

Marine Detachment,

Midway Island

Sirs:

Since 1939, when I was nine years old and given my first *Leatherneck* to read, I have been an avid follower of your magazine. It seemed to me that my 17th birthday would never come, yet it did, and immediately after receiving my diploma I enlisted in the Marine Corps. That was two years ago and I still received my copies of *Leatherneck*. In all those years I have never been as irritated as I was when I read ex-Pfc Blackmer's letter in your March issue.

Undoubtedly, Mr. Blackmer, though seemingly educated for his 19 years, is apparently extremely unfledged.

So, the Marine Corps is a parasite! And what, Mr. Blackmer . . . were you for one year? You took a warrant for Pfc, 30 glorious days leave (dress blues, no doubt), and three square meals a day. Now what great endowment did you bequeath the Corps? Perhaps just your presence.

All I ask is this: Why should Mr. Blackmer beshrew the Corps? It is obvious that under his guidance we could arise from the dark abyss we are in; yes, arise into a compassionate world of cut-throats.

A proud Marine,
Pfc Fred N. Van Sant

Charlotte, N. C.

* * *

Dear Sir:

. . . If he (Blackmer) had a different outlook, the workings of the USMC might have seemed a little different. The Corps doesn't need to prove anything to anybody—it's a matter of people proving themselves to the Corps . . . If he had enlisted with a more compromising attitude and a longer hitch, he would have tried harder rather than make the least of a choice that he now deems to have been poor . . .

The administration of any large organization leads to a quantity of red-tape and bungling; considering the diversified quality of human nature, it's unavoidable. If Blackmer had not the insight to recognize these human foibles and let them pass, he must truly have a small mind. The red-tape and bungling never seemed to me excessive enough to deprive the outfits of a reasonable amount of efficiency . . .

No sane person glorifies war and death as such. The glories are more the common recognition of mankind for deeds of daring, courage and manly fortitude in the face of great odds. The government sees fit to maintain an internal police force to inhibit, prevent, and punish social transgressions within the nation. I'm sure there is at least one policeman or state trooper within walking distance of Blackmer's home willing to give assistance in time of need. The government must also maintain a political police force to inhibit, prevent, and punish political transgressions. As long as there is one nation that maintains such a police force, so must the rest. The United Nations has been devised in the hope of eliminating the need for such precautionary measures by eliminating the causes of war and strife. But even the UN, as long as its purpose is unfulfilled, finds it necessary to maintain a similar police force . . .

. . . I'd like to make a few suggestions to Blackmer. If he doesn't like the system, why doesn't he attempt to remedy it? He glibly dashes words together in his letter, so why not make use of his facile pen constructively rather than destructively? I'm sure he could get his opinions and suggestions heard in an effective manner. Instead of grinding his emblems in the dust, why not try to add a little luster to them by using the emery cloth of constructive criticism?

Midshipman Frank Jayne, USN
Annapolis, Md.

* * *

Dear Sir,

Enclosed is my renewal subscription for another two years. I usually send in my fee without any comments but this time I wish to speak my piece against this Charles G. Blackmer.

From the sound of his letter he should stay home with his mother and the Boy Scouts. I had very little peacetime service in the Corps but the outstanding record it has always had in peace and war speaks for itself. Since Mr. Blackmer was in five organizations . . . in one year, I'd say it is he who was fouled up.

Tommy H. Barnes

Jerome, Idaho

● *The avalanche of correspondence on the subject of Blackmer's letter has made us proud. The comments provide conclusive evidence of a commendable, Corps-wide,* esprit de corps.—*Ed.*

TURN PAGE

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SOUND OFF (cont.)

UNIFORM AND EQUIPMENT

Dear Sir:

In the December, 1949, issue of the *Leatherneck* under the article, "Uniforms and Equipment" you asked if any of the readers had any questions or ideas.

Being a Dogface but also an ex-Marine and a *Leatherneck* subscriber, let me Sound Off.

First, you show the canteen on the right hip, yet up at Little Creek, Virginia, at TTU school we used to have to place the canteen on our left hip. This may sound like a minor detail and I can hear some people saying, "What does this Doggie know about it?" It is minor, but it can cause lots of chop-beating, griping and cause the men to wonder about the workings of some people's brains. For example, at the last minute preparation for a division parade at Camp Lejeune in 1947 it was decided to place the first aid pouch on the right front of the belt and for riflemen to change the position of the canteen from the right hip to the left hip because men armed with the pistol were wearing the canteen on the left hip and being this was a parade, all men had to wear their equipment in a similar way.

Immediately a howl went up from the riflemen with such phrases as "Boy, this outfit is fouled up. Why don't they make up their minds?" "Wonder what joker thought this one up? He must have had a hangover." "All fouled up like parade rest in eight counts." Etc.

It happens every day in some outfit, somewhere and we've all seen it. What I'm getting at is this: have a proper place for each item of equipment and keep it that way. The canteen should be on the left hip because as they teach up at TTU, the rifle is slung over the bayonet at the top and attached to the canteen by the lower part of the slip when climbing down a cargo net.

Now for the entrenching tool. There are entrenching tool attachments on the pack for the purpose of securing the entrenching tool to the pack. However, I say place the entrenching tool on the belt, and for two reasons:

1. In combat, you are fired upon, you hit the deck, the fire becomes hot, you are in a prone position and decide to dig in. It's easier to get the entrenching tool from the belt than to reach up over your back and get the shovel from the pack.

2. The shovel adds too much weight on a man's back and as a result the pack straps cut into a man's shoulders. This will result in some cases of a stopping of circulation in a man's arms. Try placing rations, clothing, toilet articles and entrenching tool on and in a pack, put the pack on your back, stand there a moment, then remove the entrenching tool and place it on your belt and you can see how much lighter the pack feels on your back.

By the way, who was the Acey Ducey who wrote an article last year in the *Leatherneck* saying that the Army pack had many superior features over the Marine Corps pack? He must have been on a lost weekend when he wrote that one. I'll take the Marine Corps haversack any day. It's not as heavy and the pack straps don't cut into your shoulders as much as this Army pack does. While still on the subject of packs, in this outfit they call the knapsack "The AWOL Bag." I never heard that kind of talk in the Corps.

How about the bayonet? Personally, I'd rather carry an extra clip of M1 ammo and do away with the bayonet. It pays in the long run.

Other items of equipment which you didn't show in those photographs but which are carried in the Marine rifle squad are compass, wire cutters, ammunition carrying bag for rifle grenades, machetes and scabbard, and the automatic kit. There should be a definite place for each item and photographs or written matter showing and explaining the correct method of wearing these

pieces of equipment should be circulated so there is no confusion or doubt as to what is correct.

Another important piece of equipment you failed to mention is the gas mask. As a general rule the fighting Marine should not carry it when making a beach landing, or in any attack, unless intelligence information says otherwise. It should be brought ashore with other company gear in the later stages of a landing.

But no matter where the items of equipment are placed, all Marines should TRAVEL LIGHT in combat. This is the most important thing, as any combat wise Marine can tell you.

Why doesn't the Marine Corps do away with the canvas leggings or cut them down? Better yet, adopt a version of the British type leggings or something resembling the Army combat or paratroops boots. Another thing that could be done is to use the field shoes and sew a two buckle strap affair onto the shoes which would resemble the Army combat shoe. I've worn leggings in the Marine Corps and combat boots in the Army; I'll take the Army shoes any day.

How about the green jacket? They say it was designed for combat. Why not wear a sweatshirt with utility jacket? If a green jacket wore out in combat I doubt very much if it would be replaced by another green jacket. The green and khaki jacket as it is issued today looks like and fits like a glove—a boxing glove.

Another subject I'd like to bring up is transfers. I read a letter in Sound Off column where some guy went into a soft shoe dance about wanting a transfer from his outfit. Before asking for a transfer, just remember the old Marine Corps saying: There are two good posts in the Marine Corps: the post you are being transferred to and (when you get there) the post you just came from.

Back in the States it seemed that most all of the men wanted to go overseas. How many men would like to do duty in Japan? Well, I'm in Japan and I can honestly say that 99 out of 100 men can hardly wait to catch the first ship returning to the States. Certainly the liberty is good over here but the young kids become tired of it after about six months. When you get right down to it, there is no place like the States and anyone who says otherwise has holes in his head.

Some Marines may also have the pregnant idea of leaving the Corps and going into some other branch of the service, especially the Army. Wise up and think twice. It's an important decision to make so think it out long and hard before you jump. The Army is a

good outfit, better than I thought it would be, but you'll miss the Marine Corps in a lot of ways. You'll miss the Marine Corps' pride and spirit. For some reason I had a lot more pride in myself when I walked down the street in a Marine Corps uniform than when I walk down the street in an Army uniform. You'll miss the type of man the Marine Corps has in its ranks. You'll miss the Marine Corps and Navy slang. If you are an NCO you'll miss the Marine Corps discipline, and that is very important. Some foul balls may laugh when I mention those things above, but buddy, you'll miss them and many other good features of the Corps.

At the present time I'm working on a collection of service slang, jokes, and witty remarks. Would like to correspond with any interested Marines to exchange material, ideas, and information.

Sgt Samuel Cosman, USA

Co F, 27th Inf. Regt.

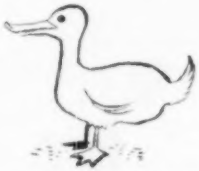
APO 25 Unit #1

c/o PM, San Francisco, Calif.

SASS AND THE DUCKS

Dear Sir:

In the May issue of the *Leatherneck* I was greatly intrigued by your article on Ted Sasiadeck's ducks. The reason being that I know how and by whom June, Sass' first duck was presented to him.



I was, at the time, stationed at MCB, San Diego with two other buddies, Curt Sorenson and Bill Coates. It was in July of 1947 and the San Diego Country Fair was in progress at Del Mar, California. We three decided to take in the Fair and it was there that Curt Sorenson won the little duckling that became June. We took our charge back to the base and the administrative building. We were at a loss at what to do with the duck when Curt piped up with, "Why not give it to Sass." We all agreed and the presentation was made. The rest is all well told in your article. I wonder if Sass, somewhere back in his memory, still remembers Dick, Curt and Bill and the fun we had in Base Personnel.

Bill Coates and I are both discharged but Curt Sorenson is now a Midshipman in the U. S. Naval Academy.

Richard J. Isolini

New York, N. Y.

PIN UP

Sir:

In regard to Corp. A. Davis' letter in the February issue of *Leatherneck*, I want to say that I agree with him 100 per cent about the pictures of movie stars. (Davis suggested that *Leatherneck* use pictures of Women Marines as our monthly Pin-up feature.—Ed.)

However, I like the idea of running a page or special section in *Leatherneck* devoted to publicising the Marines' own personal pin-ups. Enclosed is a negative of my own pin-up gal and future wife (I hope). She became my pin-up during my last two months in the Corps

Her name is Joyce Crowley and she hails from Bloomfield, N. J. Her vital statistics are as follows:

Age—19
Hair—Brown
Eyes—Irish Blue
Weight—120 lbs.
Height—5'4"

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BULLETIN

AMERICAN SPIRIT HONOR MEDAL

The American Spirit Honor Medal, a new award specially designed to mark achievement in basic military training, will be presented to one recruit at Great Lakes Naval Training Center each week.

Recruits at all Armed Forces training installations are eligible for the medal, first issued July 1.

Qualities of honor, loyalty, initiative and leadership displayed by the recruit during his training will be the basis of selection. The medals are provided by the Citizens' Committee for the Army and Navy Inc., with headquarters in New York City.

The bronze medal is one and three eighths inches in diameter with an eagle and a sunburst on the obverse. The words "American Spirit Honor Medal" are engraved on its perimeter. Its purpose, according to the committee, is to strengthen ties between American civil and military life. Although the medal has been accepted by the Department of Defense, it does not have official status and will not be worn as part of the Naval uniform.

Airborne Intercept Operators Training

NEW regulations for training and designation of Airborne Intercept Operators were issued recently by Marine Corps Training Bulletin Number 2-50.

Under the new set-up Airborne Intercept Operators will be trained to meet the overall requirements of Marine Aviation. Candidates must be staff NCOs or Regular Marines and have 30 months to serve on current enlistment or agree to extend to meet this requirement. Must be a graduate of an accredited high school or have a war diploma from an accredited high school. Be between 20 and 29 years of age on the date Airborne training is begun. Have an MOS in Occupational Field 66 (Aviation Electronics) of 6613 or 6619. Have a GCT of 110 and a MAT of 100 or above. Pass a flight physical examination. Have clear diction. Be recommended by CO and be a volunteer for such training.

Although some waivers will be made in cases of exceptionally well-qualified applicant's who fail to meet all the requirements, requests, including all pertinent details, must be submitted to the Commandant of the Marine Corps, Code AA.

RIBBON WRINKLE

RIBBONS won't sag or droop on the new tropical worstad enlisted uniform if a piece of thin cardboard or other similar light-weight material is used to back them up on the inside part of the shirt.

TRANSFER OF GENERAL OFFICERS

GENERAL Officers to be transferred during September are:

Major General Alfred H. Noble, from CG, MCRD, Parris Island, S.C., to Director, Reserve Division, Headquarters Marine Corps.

Major General Oliver P. Smith from Assistant CMC to CG, First Marine Division, Camp Pendleton, Calif.

Major General Merwin H. Silverthorn from Director of Reserve to Assistant CMC, Headquarters Marine Corps.

Brigadier General Robert H. Pepper from CG, TTU, Atlantic, Little Creek, Va., to CG, MCRD, Parris Island, S.C.

BOARD

NEW DEAL IN RETIRED PAY

Physically retired service personnel will be allowed to elect their retired pay under the old or new pay act. The new deal is possible under Section 411 of Public Law 351, 81st Congress, better known as the Career Compensation Act of 1949.

One of the items in the Executive Order specifies that any election made to qualify under the new law will be retroactive to its effective date (October 1, 1949).

All physically retired personnel are being evaluated to determine their percentage of disability at the time of their retirement. A substantial number of cases, about 5000 in the Navy and the Marine Corps, have been reviewed and evaluated to date. No application on the part of the individual is required since each person will be notified of his official percentage of disability as established by the Secretary of the Navy.

SUBS AND QUARTERS

Subsistence and quarters (SQA) was authorized effective June 1, 1950 for Marine Corps enlisted personnel —Regular and Reserve—serving in the Recruiting Service, with the Reserve, on similar detached duty, or at installations, such as Depot of Supply, not provided with government quarters and messing facilities.

The authorization was not applicable to:

Those with an organization upon any post or station where adequate quarters and messing facilities are available, nor to those voluntarily utilizing such facilities in the locality.

To personnel serving in a locality where Navy personnel on similar duty are not being paid basic allowances for subsistence and quarters.

HOBBIES FOR VETERANS

THE United States Chess Federation has established a "Chess for Veterans" committee to foster chess playing by veteran-patients, while a national volunteer group, "Stamps for the Wounded," is building the hobby of stamp collecting.

Under the guidance of the Chess Federation committee, patients in VA hospitals are being encouraged to take up the game of chess. Eventually, telegraphic tournaments will be promoted between hospitals.

Under the "Stamps for the Wounded" program, qualified stamp collectors visit VA hospitals located near their communities and assist patients in building stamp collections of all sizes and types.

FIFTH MARINE DIVISION HISTORY

THE Fifth Marine Division History, "Spearhead", has been published and is being distributed free to all persons who served with the Fifth Marine Division during the period July 1, 1944, to October 31, 1945.

Cards requesting the present address of former members have been sent to all division veterans. Individuals who served with the Fifth Marine Division during the above period who have not received a card because of change of address are urged to write to:

Infantry Journal Inc.
1115 - 17th Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C.

Please state full name, service number, unit to which attached, dates served with the division, and present address.

Photos by the author and Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation

Sunday PUNCHERS

by MSgt. Fred G. Braitsch, Jr.

Leatherneck Staff Writer

TO OLD timers, the Naval Air Station, Dallas, Texas, is like any other—the same buildings, activities, and sounds. And the food is plain Navy chow. But to the starry-eyed, open-mouth kid on his first day of duty with the Marine Air Reserve it's the biggest, noisiest, most exciting thing in the Lone Star state.

Planes everywhere. Corsairs shaking the earth as they warm up. Engines exploding into life with a gust of smoke, then thundering to get off the deck. A jet whistles at the end of the runway, then wooshes into the air like a skyrocket. Planes soaring upward, pulling in their wheels slowly. And in this hub-bub and clash of sound, the Marines on the deck go about their work unconcernedly, crawling over the planes, gassing them, feeding them belts of ammo. The recruit sinks into his boondockers.

He hears the engineering chief screaming: "You knucklehead, get out there and gas up number 4. Hey, Bluenose, get that oil leak fixed in 74. The skipper wants to take her up in an hour . . . "

Where will the new man fit in this lash-up? He doesn't know. But he has an idea. Off to one side a bull-voiced DI is drilling a gang of boots, perspiring just like himself. "So that's my duty in the Air Reserve," he thinks. "Maybe I should have stayed in bed!"

But the new man has a bigger part than he realizes. He takes the drilling and 20 hours of basic indoctrination to get squared away in Marine routine. After that he becomes an increasingly important cog in the gigantic defense machinery of our country.

From a handful of men in 1946, the Marine Air Reserve Training Unit at Dallas has grown to more than 370 well-trained, combat-ready, flying Marines. It has a Marine Air Detachment, two fighter squadrons and a radar intercept squadron. It is one of the three largest in MARTCOM.

The two fighter units, Marine Fighting Squadrons—111 and 112, have an assigned strength of 40 flying and 10 ground officers and between 125 and 130 enlisted men. The radar intercept unit has eight officers and 55 enlisted men.

All the Corsair fighters and the radar intercept gear is shared with the Naval Air Reserve squadrons whose drill days are scheduled to fall during the time the Marines are off. The Dallas Naval Air Reserve has 12 squadrons compared to the Marines' three.

The Marine Air Detachment, headed by a Regular officer, acts as mother unit to the Reserve squadrons. Three other officers and 60 enlisted men on continuous active duty, maintain the squadron's equipment and aid in the maintenance of the aircraft they share with the Naval Air Reserve. However, the big job of the detachment is training the air reservists. The present commander, Colonel William M. Hudson, USMC, recently relieved Lieutenant Colonel Royce W. Coln, USMC, the detachment's skipper for the past two years.

The squadrons are manned by Marines who, in civilian life, are policemen, firemen, lawyers, grocery clerks or just the guy next door. Like their counter-parts based at 24 other Naval Air Stations scattered throughout the country they stand ready to step in when needed and back up regular Marine aviation units. With more than twice the number of squadrons as the Regular service, the flying Reserves have been termed the Marine Corps' "Sunday Punch."

This is how the Reserves haul off for that punch:

The "boot" is welcomed into the air Reserve program by an officer. He is taken on a tour of the base; explained the mission of the Marine Air Reserve; shown where he will work; and the location of all important functions on the air station.

Then, he is given a 20-hour period of instruction which deals with military courtesy, recognition of ranks and the proper wearing of the uniform, close order drill, squadron organization and a chance to look for a job which will suit him. The command tries to place the new men in jobs they like. They believe this makes a more efficient and and happier organization.

The boot is then turned over to one of the squadrons and he becomes a regular member of that unit—taking a full part in its training program. Then he is given on-the-job training in his chosen field.

Aviation offers a slew of jobs to the Reserve airman. Parachute rigger, instrument mechanic, aerologist (weather man), radar technician, ordnance man, or plane mechanic—it's there waiting for him if he wants it.

A look into the ordnance school maintained by the detachment is an example of the type of training the Reserves are receiving. Under the direction of Master Sergeant Corbia Simmons, ordnance chief, the school trains ordnancemen for the attached squadrons.

TURN PAGE

Corp. Ross L. Wooley, SSgt. William Miles trace "enemy" aircraft's flight on verticle plotting board of intercept unit

Combat-ready Marine Air Reserve squadrons are the key to the Corps' wartime air might

Fighter directors plot "enemy" aircraft on radar scope's projected image. Info is radioed to friendly fighters in area

SUNDAY PUNCHERS (cont.)

Class room study coupled with practical work makes graduates first class ordnancemen capable of handling with safety a bomb, rocket or fuse. The course includes: the use of ordnance tools; blue print reading of electrical wiring; the removal, cleaning and installation of all guns; the nomenclature of all types of rockets, bombs and pyrotechnics; and the maintenance of small arms. Simmons continuously preaches safety precautions for the handling of deadly ordnance.

A pistol and skeet range is in use by the detachment. Every man is required to qualify yearly with the pistol and shot gun. Although the unit at present has no rifle range, a musket is on hand for every Marine Air Reserve.

Three of the embryo ordnancemen work at the Consolidated Vultee Aircraft plant at Fort Worth installing guns in the giant B-36 bombers. Another works at the near-by Chance Vought Corsair factory. Corp. Donald F. Champaign of Abiline, Tex., who handles bombs and rockets on week ends, is attending college to become a missionary.

The radar unit, Marine Ground Control Intercept Squadron-20, commanded by Captain William A. Sparkman, USMCR, takes a specialized part in both the week-end drills and the Summer maneuvers. College graduates and students, along with service-trained electronics technicians, operate all types of search and height finder radar to aid in the interception of the enemy by the Reserve fighters. The operators are able to plot the location and movement of electrical and thunder storms in the area as an aid to aerial navigation.

The intercept unit's enlisted personnel are divided into teams consisting of radio and radar operators, electronics technicians, telephone men, direction finder operators and transportation men who work on generators and trucks. The officers are fighter directors. Talking to the planes operating in the problems, they give them compass headings from the "enemies" movement on the radar scope so their own fighters can make the interception.

A radar defense of the area is maintained by MGCIS-20. They observe the sector assigned them with radar and direct the interception of the "enemy" by friendly planes, and with mobile equipment, aid in close air support missions through the combat information center and the tactical air control centers.

MGCIS-20 remained at Dallas for last Summer's maneuvers but is scheduled to travel to Cherry Point this year. When set up at the Point, they will intercept "enemy" aircraft on their radar and radio-relay the information to the tactical air control center.

Most of the unit's officers have been trained at St. Simons Radar Controller's school and the enlisted personnel either received their instruction at Corpus Christi or through on-the-job training. One of the fighter directors, Second Lieutenant Robert G. Lynch, enlisted in the unit as a technical sergeant while he was attending Southern Methodist University. When he graduated with a degree in electrical engineering, he was upped to his commissioned rank.

Marine Fighting Squadron-112, commanded by Major Harry Reed, USMCR, was one of the detachment's first squadrons. Along with the radar unit, it was commissioned in 1946. Like all postwar Reserve Units it had problems. At first only former servicemen could enlist. The pay incentive and the desire of former Army, Navy and

Old wartime FG-1 Corsair fighters are being replaced by newer F4Us. Week-end Marines share their aircraft with Naval Reserve squadrons

Gung Ho boots come from colleges, ranches and factories to attend the nation's finest Air Reserve program

Marine pilots to continue their flying with the Marines resulted in a long waiting list of officer pilots. However, enlisted procurement was going badly. Either the small pay allotted or the fact that they were tired of military life seemed to hold the veteran lower pay grade enlisted men from signing up. Later the barrier was dropped and young men of high caliber with no previous military training flocked to fill the vacancies.

Today the Dallas Air Reserve units attract students of the eight near-by educational institutions. Texas Christian University, Texas Weslyan, East Texas State Teachers College, North Texas State Teachers College, Baylor University, University of Texas, St. Mary's and Southern Methodist University are well represented throughout the Reserve squadrons.

With the influx of these "boots" the squadrons began to hum. Along with the squadron's regular syllabus was the planned training of these new men. The recruits caught on quickly, and today they work alongside veterans with no visible sign of distinction.

Commanded by Major John Reeder, USMCR, Marine Fighting Squadron-111 was commissioned in 1948. The new unit absorbed the officers and enlisted men on the waiting list and before long ranked with its sister squadron in attendance and efficiency. Today the squadrons of the Dallas Air Reserve are classed as first rate units ready for the call to arms if the need arises.

Lt. Col. Royce W. Coln, detachment CO and his exec., Capt. Charles Warrick, have commanded the Dallas Marine Air Reserve Training Unit for the past two years

The new Reserve airmen are Gung Ho without a doubt. Though the initial pay is small, they are eager to attend drill periods and learn their military duties. They have that feeling of being attached to the finest fighting outfit in the world.

Under present regulations they earn a full days pay for each drill period they attend. The drill periods at Dallas are 3½ hours long with the week-end training accounting for four drill periods or four days pay. Summer maneuvers net the men two full weeks pay and allowances.

The Reserves get a clothing allowance for greens, khakis, utility uniforms, and a minimum quantity of gear, but on week-end training they must buy their own meals. One Pfc, a beaver of the eager type, comes in by train from Oklahoma. His fare is over $10—more than he receives as drill pay. Many of the men knock off from their regular jobs to attend Saturday drills. They come from all walks of life, by every means of transportation available. The District Attorney of Van Zandt county, Captain Thomas H. Prestridge, drives to drill from Canton, Texas. Some men drive from Corpus Christi. One officer shows up for training in his private light plane. An R4D takes off from Austin on Friday nights, dumps off a load of Air Reserves at Dallas, and lugs them back on Sunday. But this varied crew is united in one respect: an earnest desire to make the Reserve program work.

Most of the Reserves understand the program better than their brothers in the Regular service. To them, it is a means of having a trained band of fighting men ready to jump in and act as a nucleus for future units when the Regulars have been called to fight.

Since the war the Reserve squadrons west of the Mississippi river have journeyed to El Toro for their Summer maneuvers and those east of the big river have trained at Cherry Point. However, this year the two elements will swap maneuver grounds with the western element traveling to Cherry

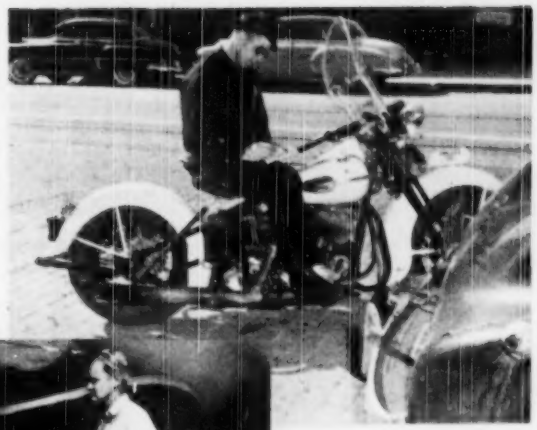
TURN PAGE

The law gets a shot in arm. Two cops and D.A., are Marine flyers.—Capt. H. Mc Mahon, Ft. Worth police, Lt. Harpe, Capt. T. Prestridge, Van Zandt, D. A.

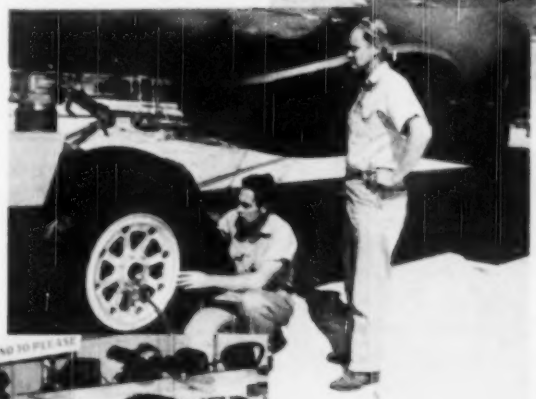
We'll hit here! Lt. E. Riddle gives pilots the dope on how mission will be run during this week's problem

Dallas Marine Reserve units draw men from the eight nearby colleges and two aircraft factories. The boots learn fast and are eager to attend weekly drills

During the week it's Policeman Harpe, but at drill periods he's a fighter pilot



Marine Reserve Sgts. Jackson and Cate work at Convair's B-36 bomber factory



TSgt. Vance Jobe works as a salesman in Dallas camera shop. During drills he's one of detachment's publicity photographers

Point and their eastern brothers to El Toro. The change according to the Commander, Marine Air Reserve Training, Brigadier General William O. Brice, USMC, was made to promote more interest in the Reserve program by a change of maneuver scene; provide long, cross-country flight training and to prove the mobility of the Marine Air Reserve.

Both the Reserve officers and the enlisted men attend the regular Summer maneuvers at El Toro or Cherry Point. If they miss the Summer schedule (and it takes a good excuse to be absent as a squadron must have at least 55 per cent of its strength to function properly) they report to Dallas later for two weeks of active duty. The men receive the best training possible during the operation by working as a squadron under simulated combat conditions away from their home base.

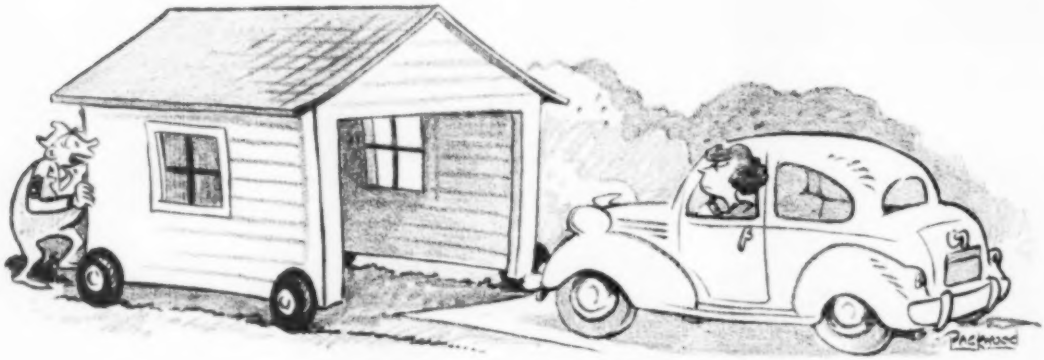
At present all Reserve pilots have had previous military experience and many have engaged in actual aerial combat. A new program will permit graduates of the Naval Air Cadet program to serve a year with a Marine Air Reserve unit. He will continue his training as a member of the detachment flying with the Reserve squadrons. At the end of his one year tour of duty he will be transferred to the Organized Reserve squadron or remain on continuous active duty if a position is vacant. Possibly he will be able to transfer to the Regular service to continue his flying career.

In the past we have had a very small ready Reserve and as a result the conversion of civilians to fighters has taken a great deal of much needed time. Many untrained men in the past have been sent into combat because we needed men on the combat fronts immediately. In the Reserves we have the teachers for the future combat soldier, and if the need be, a trained man to send into the field at once instead of an untrained kid. • **END**

Leatherneck Laffs

"It just looks like a camouflage jacket sir . . . I'm a sloppy eater."

"Oh, that one's my hat check!"



"I think I've solved your garage parking problem, honey."

THE CHEVRON

FIELD MEET '50

Eleven track records were established during the third annual cinder congress at Quantico in June

by SSgt. Robert W. Tallent

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Speed and power in the 880-yard run as exemplified by Lejeune's Dan Green

Official All-Marine Corps Track and Field Records

100-YD. DASH—0:10.0, DT3c Don L. Jamison, MCAS, El Toro. June 11, 1949, at Quantico, Va.

220-YD. DASH—0.22.2, DT3c Don L. Jamison, MCAS, El Toro. June 11, 1949, at Quantico, Va.

120-YD. HIGH HURDLES—0:15.3, First Lieutenant Conner Hollingsworth, MCS, Quantico, June 10, 1949, at Quantico, Va.

220-YD. LOW HURDLES—0:24.7, Pfc Norman Way, Camp Lejeune. June 16, 1950, at Quantico, Va.

440-YD. RUN—0:50.7, Pfc Eugene Holohan, Camp Pendleton. June 17, 1950, at Quantico, Va.

880-YD. RUN—2:00.0, Pfc Dan Green, Camp Lejeune. June 17, 1950, at Quantico, Va.

1-MILE RUN—4:33.5, Captain Henry Hart, MCS, Quantico. June 17, 1950, at Quantico, Va.

2-MILE RUN—10:02.0, Captain Henry Hart, MCS, Quantico. June 16, 1950, at Quantico, Va.

440-YD. RELAY—(4-110's)—0:45.1, Kenworthy, Johnson, Steinker, Cuff, MCS, Quantico. June10, 1949, at Quantico, Va.

1-MILE RELAY—(4-440's)—3:29.5, Hewitt, McSherry, Berthelf, Green, Camp Lejeune. June 17, 1950, at Quantico, Va.

SPRINT MEDLEY RELAY—(440-220-220-880)—3:38.4, Hart, Gordon, Sheaffer, Aloy, Quantico, June 17, 1950, at Quantico, Va.

MIDDLE DISTANCE MEDLEY RELAY — (880-440-220-Mile) — 7:56.2, Conroy, Gordon, Sheaffer, Hart, Quantico, June 16, 1950, at Quantico, Va.

HIGH JUMP—6 feet 2¾ inches, Pfc Don Davidson, Camp Lejeune. June 17, 1950, at Quantico, Va.

BROAD JUMP—23 feet 3½ inches, Lieutenant Connor Hollingsworth, MCS, Quantico, June 10, 1949, at Quantico, Va.

SHOT PUT—47 feet 5 inches, Second Lieutenant Jim Beeler, Camp Lejeune. June 16, 1950, at Quantico, Va.

JAVELIN THROW—200 feet 8½ inches, Second Lieutenant Bill Jesse, MCS, Quantico. June 17, 1950, at Quantico, Va.

DISCUS THROW—141 feet 8½ inches, Corp. Richard Schargus, MCS, Quantico. June 17, 1950, at Quantico, Va.

POLE VAULT—11 feet 6 inches, Tie, Lieutenant Connor Hollingsworth, MCS, Quantico, 1949, 1950; R. D. Munro, MB, NAS, Pensacola, 1949; TSgt. Elliott R. Gerd, MCAS, El Toro, 1949; and Second Lieutenant Phil Brannon, Quantico, 1950.

TURN PAGE

El Toro's Doug Maijala, far right, took the low hurdles with a 27.3. Next to him is Yorktown's R. Vogt, Quantico's

Captain Henry Hart, Quantico track coach and the Corps' top distance runner, made new records in the mile and two mile runs. He also helped win the medley

THE third annual gathering of the Corps' best cinder burners netted the book eleven new track and field records this Summer.

When the Marine sprinters, jumpers and tossers gathered in Butler Stadium to compete for top titles in track and field events, the entry list totaled 103 entrants. Far off Port Lyautey in French Morocco was represented, along with the Marine Barracks, Kodiak, Alaska.

Spectators cast wary glances at gloomy skies and wished that they'd brought foul weather gear to the games. Nevertheless, the parade of the athletes was still the most colorful opening "spec" in service sports. The scarlet, gold and white suits of the participants stood out vividly against the emerald turf in the Butler oval.

Addresses by General Cates (the All-Marine meets were originally his idea) and Lieutenant General Shepherd, at the time Commandant of the Marine Corps Schools, plus a flag raising, made the opening official.

Soon after the curtain raiser, Quantico's Henry Hart surprised no one when he set a new record in the two mile run with a 10:02.0 which bettered his old time of 10:03.6. Hart went on

o's Jenny Moore and Robert Kruis, Pendleton

to become the man of the meet; he won the mile with a 4:33.5 for a new All-Marine meet record. In the relays he was equally outstanding; Quantico took both the sprint and middle distance medley events.

It was almost a repeat of the performance Hart gave last year when he set three new records. The captain also rates a round pat on the back for the excellent condition of the stadium track. Hart and Major James Johnson spent many off-duty hours riding a drag, getting the oval in shape. Visiting tracksters said the path was in the best condition to date. Major Johnson will be taking over the direction of the Quantico track team next year after Hart goes to El Toro.

While Hart was the big stick in the long distance events, number 74, otherwise known as Daniel J. Green on the Camp Lejeune squad, made Hart really open up to beat him to the tape in the middle distance medley. The distance was 880-440-220- and one mile. When Hart started on his part of the lung-buster he was 30 yards behind pace maker Green. At the quarter mile he'd closed the gap and taken a small lead. He held it going into the three-quarters with an El Toro runner boiling along in his wake. Green poured on the coal in the last quarter moving up, then passing El Toro and with a little over 200 yards left, Green took the lead from Hart. Matching stride for stride both men pounded into the stretch, but Hart, with the final burst of speed that has set five different distance records in two years, plunged through the tape a half stride in front of Green. It was a fine performance on the part of both runners.

Green is a 20-year old native of New Hartford, N.Y. In his first year of All-Marine competition he not only scored a close second to Hart but he won the 880 with a record shattering time of 2:00.0. Anchoring on Lejeune's mile relay team he helped set a new mark in that event with a 3.29.5. Needless to say Green was a track star at the New Hartford High School where he also played football and basketball.

Another 20-year old middle distance man who startled the track fans during the two day meet was diminutive Eugene Holehan wearing Camp Pendleton colors in the 440-yard run. The little, (121 pounds) Pfc took command of the run from the start in both the trial and final runs and held it all the way around the track; best time :50.7, another new record. Like Green, this is Holehan's first year out in Marine competition. On his current enlistment, he'll have one more season. Strangely enough, as light as he is, Holehan ran the 880 while in high school at Phoenix, Arizona.

When the big men gathered to toss around the 16-pound pellet during the finals in the first day, it was Lejeune's Jim Beeler who set the new shot put record, his toss—47′5″—was more than three feet better than team mate Harry Bare's record of last year. A scant two and one quarter inches short of Beeler's heave was Dick Schargus's throw which netted the Quantico man a second place. Beeler and Schargus have dueled it out in more than one meet this year. Schargus took the discus throw at the same time establishing a new record on the second day of the meet while Beeler threw a tie for third place with Quantico's York. Schargus's new record is 141′8″.

The threatened rains arrived at three p.m. the afternoon of the opener and did nothing toward materially improving times or distances. Conner Hollingsworth, of Quantico, imitated last year's feats by winning the broad jump and tieing for first place in the pole vault. While he didn't get quite as good mileage from his leaps this year, he took the broad jump with a respectable 20′2¾″. This year Hollingsworth and another Quantico member, Phil Brannon split the pole vault honors as the bar stood at the same mark as last year—11′6″.

Norman Way, Camp Lejeune, took an easy win in the 120 high hurdles, his time was two tenths of a second short of a meet record. In the first day's trials for the 220 low hurdles Way busted the existing record with a :24.7 performance.

El Toro's hopes for win in the 220 dash received a rude setback, Chuck Swinden, their outstanding dash man, was disqualified by the starter in the trial heats. Swinden had no trouble winning the trial heat in the 100-yard dash, he led the pack with a :10 flat.

On the second day of the meeting the rain was chased by gusty winds blowing into the finish line in spurts at 15 miles per hour.

Swindin in the finals of the 100-yard dash breasted the tape with a :10.3, a

TURN PAGE

Lieutenant Conner Hollingsworth retained his grip on both the broad jump and pole vault events. He leaped 21'2⅝" a little short of the record mark he set last year. In the vault he tied Phil Brannon with the same height as last year, 11'6"

Norman Way, Lejeune, won the 120 high hurdles, followed by Robert Kruis

little short of the record. El Toro will have a tough time finding a dash man as good as Chuck for next season. Swindin leaves the Corps in April and will start school at the Santa Ana Junior College. Eventually he hopes to wear spikes for the University of Southern California, an institution noted for superior track teams.

When Hart crossed the finish line with the new record for the one mile run, El Toro's Bob Said was not too far behind. Said, who weighs around 145, is a tough distance man to beat.

As the announcer boomed out over the public address system:

"Don Davidson, Camp Lejeune has just broken the high jump record of 5'11½", and is still jumping."

Spectators started turning their attention to the eastern end of the stadium where the high hop was in progress.

Davidson went on hoisting his big, 6'2" frame over the bar until he got to 6'2¾". Don weighs in at around 200 pounds but the unusual part of his jumping is that he uses the western roll, the only man at the meet who favored that style.

Pendleton took both first and second places in the 440-yard run. Holehan broke the record as James T. Haliday followed him across the line. Haliday is a runner with a sense of humor. In the qualifying trials he pounded down the stretch well in front of the other aspirants so he turned partially around and yelled, "Come on, come on," at the pursuit, before snapping the tape.

Harold A. Carter, Lejeune's 220-yard dash man, turned in a convincing job—time :23.3—one and one tenth second short of the record. Carter is another 20-year old speedster, hailing from Gillespie, Illinois. He hopes to enter collegiate track when he gets out in August, '51.

In the javelin throw finals, Quantico's Bill Jesse, the Corps' top football center and rogue of the hardwood court, lofted the spear 200'8½" bettering the old mark by 2'6½". Jesse said the wind helped him. The wind may have had something to do with it but having a spring steel arm helps.

The 220-yard low hurdles, next to the last event of the day, was won by El Toro's Doug Maijala with a :27.3 time. This was :2.1 short of the cur-

Eugene Holehan and James Haliday, wearing Pendleton colors, finished up one-two in the 440-yard run. Holehan took and held the lead all the way around the oval to set a new meet record, :50.7. He hopes to better this mark in '51

rent record set last year by El Torean William Perry. The wind was still acting up. Norman Way was favored to take the low hurdles after his record breaking trial run of the previous day. He was spilled at the first hurdle. He managed to finish however, but the fall cost him the race and a lot of skin.

The Quanticos captured the last event for the Marine track year, the sprint medley relay. Henry Hart, Melvin M. Gordon, John H. Sheaffer and Leonard E. Aloy teamed up to take the relay and set a new mark with a 3:38.4. Lejeune followed, then El Toro. Had there been a team trophy that is the way the awards would have been made, Quantico, Lejeune, and El Toro.

The records have been set for another year in the most grueling of sports, the men who made them will be standing by to up the ante at next year's meet. At present the Marines are the dominant service arm in track and field but don't be surprised if the other members of the defense team try to make a beach head on the cinder paths next year—a combined all-service meet may be in the making. Bring 'em on!

RESULTS

SHOT PUT: 1. Beeler (Lejeune) 2. Scharqus (Quantico) 3. Bare (Lejeune) 4. Bartes (Pendleton) Distance: 47'5"

POLE VAULT: 1. (tie) Hollingsworth (Quantico) and Brannon (Quantico) 2. (tie) Edmondson (Pendleton) and Gard (Cherry Point) 3. (tie) Cunningham (Lejeune) and Turner (HDQ, USMC) Height: 11'6"

120-HIGH HURDLES: 1. Way (Lejeune) 2. Kruis (Pendleton) 3. Maijala (El Toro) 4. Pickren (Cherry Point) Time: 0:15.5

TWO-MILE RUN: 1. Hart (Quantico) 2. Vialpando (El Toro) 3. Said (El Toro) 4. McCarville (Dept. of Pac.) Time: 10:02.0

BROAD JUMP: 1. Hollingsworth (Quantico) 2. Young (Pendleton) 3. Kulha (Lejeune) 4. Hohn (El Toro) Distance: 21'2½"

440-YARD RELAY: 1. (Parris Island) (Ambrogi, Swick, Campbell and Butler) 2. Camp Lejeune 3. El Toro Time: 0:46.1

MIDDLE DISTANCE MEDLEY RELAY: 1. (Quantico) (Conroy, Gordon, Sheaffer and Hart) 2. Lejeune 3. El Toro. Time: 7:56.2

100-YARD DASH: 1. Swinden (El Toro) 2. Walker (Pendleton) 3. Ambrogi (Parris Island) 4. Carter (Lejeune) Time: 0:10.3

ONE-MILE RUN: 1. Hart (Quantico) 2. Said (El Toro) 3. Vialpando (El Toro) 4. Conroy (Quantico) Time: 4:33.5

440-YARD RUN: 1. Holehan (Pendleton) 2. Haliday (Pendleton) 3. Hewitt (Lejeune) 4. Koehler (Pendleton) Time: 0:50.7

880-YARD RUN: 1. Green (Lejeune) 2. Knuppel (Pendleton) 3. McCarville (Dept of Pac.) 4. Ward (El Toro) Time: 2:00.0

220-YARD DASH: 1. Carter (Lejeune) 2. Walker (Pendleton) 3. Williamsen (Cherry Point) 4. Hicks (El Toro) Time: 0.23.3

MILE RELAY: 1. Camp Lejeune (Hewitt, McSherry, Berthelf, and Green) 2. Pendleton 3. El Toro 4. Quantico. Time: 3:29.5

HIGH JUMP: 1. Davidson (Lejeune) 2. Brannon (Quantico) 3. Tyson (Quantico 4. Young (Pendleton) Height: 6'2¾"

220-YARD LOW HURDLES: 1. Maijala (El Toro) 2. Kruis (Pendleton) 3. Vogt (Yorktown) 4. Moore (Quantico) Time: 0:27.3

JAVELIN: 1. Jesse (Quantico) 2. Patten (Lejeune) 3. Litner (Lejeune) 4. Durand (Quantico) Distance: 200'8½"

DISCUS: 1. Scharqus (Quantico) 2. Morris (Quantico) 3. (tie) Beeler (Lejeune) and York (Quantico) Distance: 141'8½"

SPRINT MEDLEY RELAY: 1. Quantico (Hart, Gordon, Sheaffer, and Aloy) 2. Lejeune 3. El Toro. Time 3:38.4

END

POSTS OF THE CORPS

N. A. S. PATUXENT

Former El Toro fighter pilot, Capt. Rolf Blanchard, mounts to cockpit of Grumman F9F Panther jet fighter at Naval Air Test Center, Patuxent River, Maryland. Panther is part of aircraft complement at center's test pilot training school

by Sgt. Wm. J. Morris

PHOTOS BY TSGT. J. W. RICHARDSON

A GRINNING, loose-jointed pilot climbs into a Martian type aircraft and zooms out of sight. He puts the craft into a "9-G" dive and lands on a dime to tell a herd of drooling reporters: "The relief tube flutters at 1000 MPH." About that time, according to the movie script, the heroine rushes from the control tower, where she and daddy have been listening to the pilot's laconic birdcalls during the dive, and slings herself into Harry Hotpilot's arms.

That's a test pilot—on the screen. The Patuxent River type test pilot is slightly dissimilar. He is simply a flier-engineer-reporter-specialist without false mustaches, false chest hair, or false modesty. In addition to a school which turns out this type of pilot, Patuxent has a Marine Air Detachment, a Marine Guard, and several thousand military and civilian personnel dedicated to one big question: Will the crate fly for the Navy?

Six months before Patuxent was officially a member of the Naval Air family, a 75-man detail left the Navy Yard at Washington, D. C., to become the first barracks detachment. Major Harry E. Leland was the first commanding officer. Since the termination of World War II, Major Leland has retired and entered business not far from the airbase.

After a survey requested by the Bureau of Aeronautics the Naval Air Station was commissioned in April, 1943. The barracks, still in use, was erected as a temporary building to last for five years. The first detachment must have felt like the Bloody Battered of Bastogne. The roads leading to their new base were worse than they are today, an uncertain 60-mile maze from D. C., and knee-deep mud bogged their transportation. The telephone poles outnumbered the inhabitants. Pinkerton detectives had been in charge of base security. One of the first jobs of the Marines who relieved the Pinkerton men was to rid the nearby country of gamblers, smugglers and various

Through these portals pass the best test pilots in the world. The flying guinea pigs of tomorrow's Navy-Marine aircraft

Patuxent River Marines are some of the finest in the Corps. Sharp formations highlight weekly drill periods at the center

other thugs. As the roads were improved traffic became a problem. A round-the-clock patrol took over.

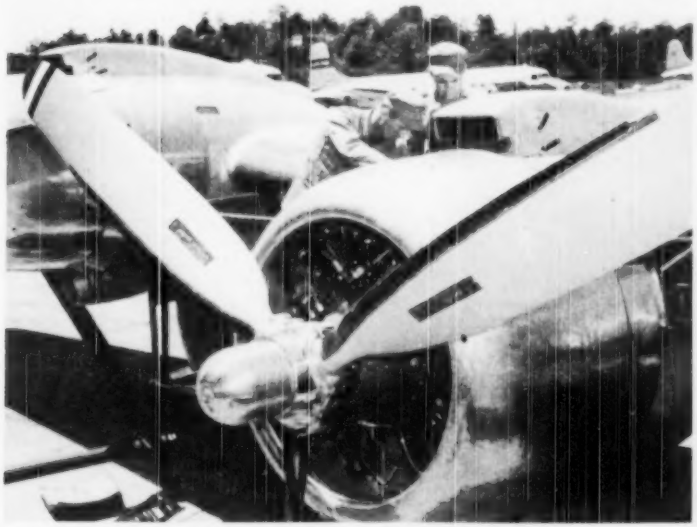
Today, roving patrols overlap responsibility over the extensive reaches of the 6800-acre station which is bordered on two sides by water, the Patuxent River and the Chesapeake Bay. The detachment is responsible for the security of the perimeter of the air station and guards the emergency landing strip, 14 miles south of the main base.

As in most of the middle South, the land around Patuxent has a historic background. The first capital of the Maryland colony was located here in 1694. The emergency landing strip, known as Webster Field, was the scene of an amphibious landing by the first white settlers in Maryland in 1634. The present air test center commander lives in what was once the site of a Jesuit mission which had been given to the priests by the chief of the Mattapient Indians.

The mission was later confiscated by Lord Baltimore who, in turn, granted the land to Henry Sewell, secretary of the province. As history proves, the grant was an indirect gift to Baltimore himself. The secretary promptly died and Lord Baltimore married the widow.

George Washington did not sleep at Patuxent. The rumor that the Father of Our Country rode a spavined horse five miles in order to avoid spending the night in the vicinity is possibly untrue. But the United States Navy liked the place well enough to make it the home of the hot pilot, the Banshee, and other assorted jet-propelled aircraft. In the compound today a stranger finds himself surrounded by everything aeronautical except a flying saucer.

The Marine barracks of 104 men is commanded by Major Robert W. Greeley, a former Wake Island prisoner of war. He is assisted in his duties, which include the Station Security Officer billet, by his executive officer, Captain Milligan G. Hereford. The post sergeant major is Howard K. Bachman who will complete his 30 in about two years.



Patuxent's VIP-carrying Douglas R5D Skymaster gets complete pre-flight check by two Marine aircraft mechanics. Crewmen baby the plane's four huge powerplants

TURN PAGE

Schools out. The children of naval personnel at Test Center leave the Frank Knox Elementary school at the end of day

Batter-up. Pfc A. B. Montiero takes a healthy swing at the ball during one of the station's intermural baseball games

But the prime reason for taking several thousand military and civilian personnel into the Chesapeake tules is the testing of new naval aircraft. Every possible strain is placed on the products in an effort to determine how much the craft can withstand. The Marine air detachment is represented in each phase of the tests. Their duties range from ground experiments to flying it through the wringer. All types of aeronautical gear from helicopters to king-sized transports are given the full treatment.

At the Test Pilot School seasoned Naval aviators are trained to push aircraft to the limit.

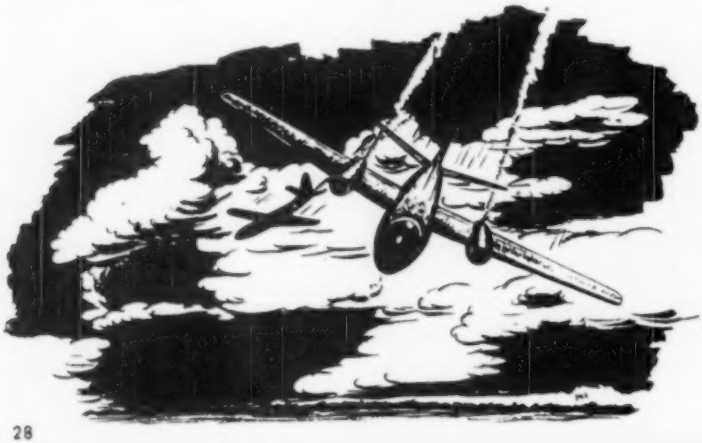
A large number of the graduates will perform their duties on the ground. First month of the school syllabus is given over to a basic engineering course. It is filled with algebra, physics, trigonometry and the slide rule. Then more physics, aerodynamics, more math, studies of engines, fuels, lubricants, weight and balance and materials. During the following month propellors, instruments, turbojets and report writing are added to their classroom work. At this point—halfway through their instruction the class gets a nine-day break before putting their subjects to practical use.

First step during the second phase of the course is to break out the Test Center's bible—the Flight Test Manual. Then comes specific unit work, use of the Manual, work centering around tactical, armament, service and electronic tests. Performance methods are studied and helicopters are analyzed.

The final month of training is devoted to flight test, helicopters and a lecture series. Various BuAer representatives deliver most of the lectures; field trips are made to experimental laboratories and aircraft plants. No student is expected to be graduated with *less* than an "A" average. Not because every man is a mental wizard. "A" averages result from the intensive screening performed by the Test Pilot School Selection Board at NATC. For example: approximately 40 to 50 pilots are selected by their own organizations to attend the school; then the NATC board screens them again and selects only 16 for the class.

Upon graduation, the students are assigned to various units of air test. They might spend a tour in any of the phases mentioned in their syllabus. But all future pilots entering test work will be graduates of the Patuxent Test Pilot School.

Former NATC commander Rear Admiral Appolo Souchek listed what was expected of the graduates. First, he must be a good pilot—capable of absorbing new flying techniques. Second, he must be a good aeronautical



Will plane meet Navy-Marine air requirements? Lieutenant Colonel Wm. Clasen answers question in a detailed report

Lieutenant Colonel Herbert Williamson serves as the Marine Air Detachment's CO and as senior liaison officer

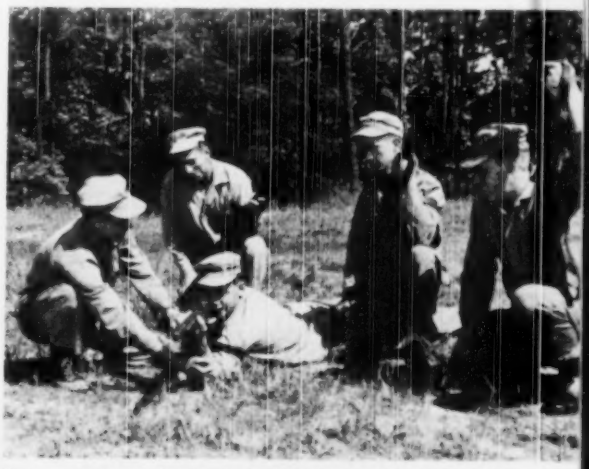
engineer, and third, a good reporter—capable of transmitting what he learns to experts who will evaluate his analysis.

On-the-job training is carried out at the Test Center where men and officers of the Fleet and Marine aviation units learn jet overhaul and maintenance. There are four officers and 22 enlisted men continually being trained under this program. Each Marine officer at air test acts as a liaison in one of the main phases of the program. Senior liaison officer is Lieutenant Colonel Herbert H. Williamson, who also commands the Marine Air Detachment.

The schedule for checking a new aircraft is simple. It is just the application of the schedule that makes the testing business vital and dangerous.

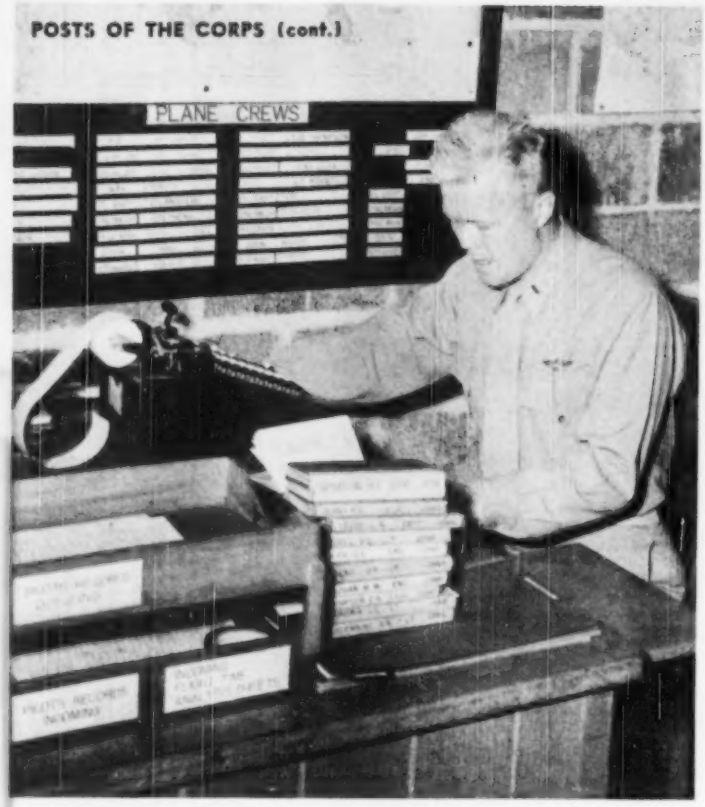
First, the plane is given a Navy project number. It is then sent to engine test where the power plant is given the maximum-plus workout. This is to determine how much punishment the engine will take and how often a certain part must be replaced.

Barracks commander, Major Robert Greely, and his exec make an informal inspection of the refitted messhall



Barracks personnel snap in before journeying to the rifle range at Quantico, Va., for yearly weapons requalification

TURN PAGE



First Lieutenant Brad N. Slenning is another dual purpose man at Patuxent—when he isn't co-piloting the VIP plane. He keeps the logs of the transport squadron

A tactical test determines the craft's ability to survive in the field. An armament test follows, revealing what weapons the plane can carry and their effect on the craft. This is the preamble to the big question: Will the plane fly properly for the Navy?

Some of the pilots have had rare and deadly experiences during their testing careers. One pilot, while making high speed passes, observed with a bit of anxiety, that his plane was breaking up. By the time he could clear the cockpit, his plane had detached itself by sections and was trying in its own way to decorate the drab Patuxent landscape. There wasn't enough altitude to make a safe jump, so the pilot made an unsafe jump and came through without a scratch.

Another pilot felt his nose wheel give way on a take-off. By that time he was airborne and in a sad state. The plane had an ordinary nose down landing attitude. The control tower notified him, unnecesarily, of his unfortunate circumstance. The pilot flew around to burn up most of his fuel, and contributed to safety by losing several pounds himself. He made an emergency landing at 150 miles an hour. No strain. It's all part of their days work.

Their plan of the day is to prove the manufacturer is right or wrong in his claims about his product.

Among the planes which are operational in Naval and Marine aviation as the result of Patuxent tests are the F4U-5, the AD Skyraider, Martin Mauler and the F8F-2 in the propellered field. Jets proved include the much discussed Banshee and F9F which are already part of the Marine Corps' air fighting strength. Among the planes under development now are the XF7U Cutlass and a jet night fighter—the XF3D. The Constitution and the Mars were given the Patuxent once-over.

Vital and important work is being done at Patuxent. The Naval Air Test Center influences aviation throughout the entire Fleet and Marine fighting force. The men who make the air secrets and the men who guard them are putting forth a maximum effort; and some, in the span of a days work, have given their lives to prevent paralysis of America's defense structure. The work accomplished at Patuxent may one day decide air superiority in combat. **END**

Daniel Dommasch, chief engineer and head instructor of test pilot training school, gives students the hot dope on checking out the Navy's future aircraft

YVONNE SHERWOOD

Sketches for "Big Shoot" were made in the field by Sgt. Stanley Dunlap, LEATHERNECK artist.

BIG SHOOT

Good weather, ammo and four years of firing the M-1 in competition combined to place Marine Corps rifle experts in the heart of the black

by SSgt. Robert W. Tallent

Leatherneck Staff Writer

OFFICIAL USMC PHOTOS

MARINE CORPS marksmanship records were clay pigeons for the 131 Marines who journeyed to Quantico this year to shoot it out for the 1950 Who's Who in bulls-eye society. Top men from the Division Matches blasted away and when the scores were tallied CWO Remes De LaHunt of P.I. had fired a 578x600 in the Marine Corps Rifle Match to shatter the existing record by five big points.

But that's only part of the story; three other shooters beat or tied the old record. They were: Second Lieutenant LeMoin Cox, Camp Pendleton, 576; Technical Sergeant Maxim R. Beebe, MB, Norfolk, Va., 574; Sergeant James E. Lawler, Camp Pendleton, 573. These days a shooter can't afford to drop more than two dozen points and hope to stay in the running.

The big individual match was decided at the final 600-yard stage. It was so close that for about four minutes, while De LaHunt and Cox battled it out shot by shot, Max Beebe was the new Marine Corps rifle champ by virtue of having finished up his string first.

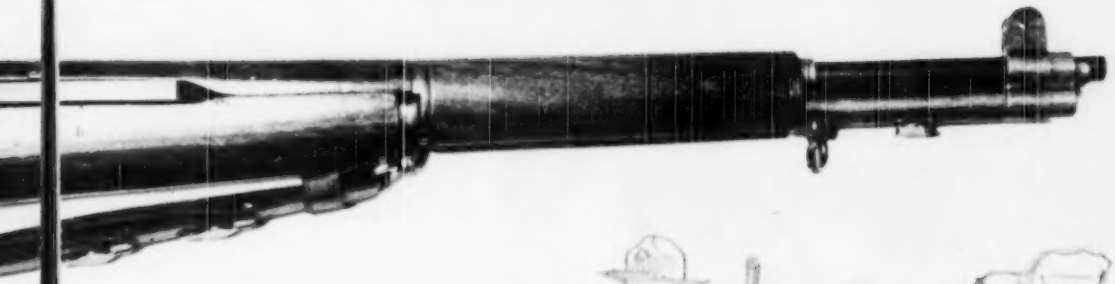
Corporal George Hurt from the Marine Corps Schools and Bristol, Va., a newcomer to the competitions, took the Pistol Match with a 553x600. Close behind him and just one point off, were Master Sergeant Thomas R. Mitchell and Captain Thurman E. Barrier with scores of 552 each.

The large bronze Lauchheimer trophy, emblematic of the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol championship, went to Captain John M. Jagoda. He fired a new record—1116x1200. Capt. Jagoda consistently winds up among the top shooters with either the rifle or pistol. Last year he won the Eastern Division Rifle title.

The nearest score to Jagoda's was Marine Corps Schools' Staff Sergeant Joseph A. Jagiello's aggregate of 1112, in third place was Technical Sergeant Alfonzo Jurado, Cherry Point, with 1111. In the vanguard were 17 other competitors whose aggregate scores of 1100x1200 and better, beat the old Lauchheimer match record.

Biggest upset of the 1950 competitions came when the Elliott trophy match was fired. The Elliott trophy is awarded to the best East Coast team. Here's the way it happened:

The Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, had requested and obtained permission to enter three teams in the Elliott trophy match. After the personnel for the three Schools teams had been picked, the team captain of the Marine



Corps Air Station, Quantico, requested permission to enter an additional team in the Elliott match because none of the Air Station shooters had been selected for any of the berths on the MCS teams. Permission was granted for the team's entry by the executive officer of the Marine Corps matches, Lieutenant Colonel Walter R. Walsh, with the concurrence of Headquarters, Marine Corps.

This team of "slighted airmen", led by CWO Edward S. Norris, not only won the match by five points but they set a new M1 record score of 1132x1200. The chuckles coming from around the airfield could be heard all the way to the main gate.

Eastern Division shooters retained their ascendency over the other two divisions for the second straight year in the Inter-Division Matches. The

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LtCol. Franklin Nihart, captain of the Eastern Division pistol and rifle teams, accepts the team trophy from General Cates. The Easterners have won both shoots twice

ten-man rifle team, captained by Lieutenant Colonel F. B. Nihart, set a new record with a total of 2822, almost 150 points better than last years' score. The Western Division followed with a 2803 combination while the Southeastern Division finished with a 2777. All scores surpassed last years' record.

Two of the big reasons for the superior scores this year, in comparison with '49, were the excellent weather and the wise choice of ammunition. Master Sergeant Waldo Phinney, coach of the Marine Corps rifle team in the National Matches this year and veteran of many Marine Corps Matches, said it was consistently the best weather he'd ever seen for firing. Practically all the match days were clear and bright with very light winds. The ammunition for the matches was selected by Capt. Barrier, head of the Target Division, Headquarters, Marine Corps.

Col. Nihart, captain of the Eastern Division Pistol Team, brought in another winning squad in the Inter Division match. The score was 1371. Southeastern was second with 1328, the Western Division: 1316.

The team from the Marine Barracks, Annapolis, led by First Lieutenant A. W. Burri, took the Wirgman trophy and set a new score of 1106. Just one point out was the Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, 1105, and two points lagging behind the DofS came Marine Barracks, Boston.

In the Division matches, buildup to the Marine Corps matches, the competition was just as rough. The Western Division got away to an early start in mid-April. Technical Sergeant Francis F. Poodry of the First Division, took the rifle match with a score of 565x600. Sergeant Charles Knapp won the pistol match, scoring 559x600. In the San Diego Trophy match, the First Division's Number 2 Team, with a record of 1111x1200, came out on top. Weather conditions during the firing were a long way from being ideal.

The Southeastern Division Matches kicked off May 15th. There were 174 shooters in the field. They were aiming for the three gold, 12 silver and 14 bronze badges. Technical Sergeant Walter L. Devine of the Weapons Training Battalion, Parris Island, beat out the aspirants for the rifle championship by firing a 567x600. Capt. Barrier, whose skill with handguns is nationally known, took the pistol match with a 557x600. Technical Sergeant John A. Fowler placed second, firing 550.

A new four-man team match, the Camp Lejeune Trophy Match, sponsored by Brig. Gen. W. J. Whaling, was fired upon completion of the Southeastern Division shooting. The Second Division Team Number 1 won the event scoring 1120x1200. Although they had the advantage of Waldo Phinney's expert coaching, they barely nosed out a strong Cherry Point team. One point was the deciding factor. The outcome of the spirited match hinged on the last shot fired by Captain George Kross. He shot a four. If he had shot a five the Cherry Point Number One Team would have tied and outranked the Second Division's Team One.

Last of the Divisions to start firing was the Eastern group. They commenced May 30. Master Sergeant Thomas R. Mitchell, winner of the big Lauchheimer oval in '48, established a short-lived Marine Corps rifle record. He fired a 573x600. His next closest competition among the 132 shooters was Second Lieutenant R. L. Barrie, Marine Corps Schools, firing a 568.

Major Philip C. Roettinger, U.S. Marine Corps Reserve, won the Eastern Pistol title with a record-equalling score of 562x600.

One thing was clearly established this year—the M1, while it will never equal the '03 as a target rifle, can perform effectively in the hands of men who have had four or five years experience with the weapon. With the carefully selected standard, 167 grain, armor-piercing ammo used this year, previous records fell like hailstones. The men who fire the weapon in competition are getting Garand know-how down to a fine point.

This month, with the National Matches in the offing, Marines will get their first chance in nine years to fire against big time outside competition. If the completed records on the '50 matches are a criterion, those outside experts will need plenty of backyard snapping-in because those Marine riflemen they're going to meet have a higher reputation to defend.

San Diego Trophy Match

First Marine Division Number Two (Winner) 1111

Team Name	Team Total
Hawaiian Area	1104
Barstow	1099
First Marine Division Number Three	1096
First Marine Air Wing	1095
First Combat Service Group	1094

Elliott Trophy Team Match

MCAS, Quantico, Va. (Winner)

	200S	200R	300R	500S	600S	Agg.
GLENN, C. E., SSgt.	49	49	44	50	94	282
NORRIS, E. S., CWO	48	49	47	50	95	289
McCUNE, F. F. TSgt.	47	47	44	47	95	281
SCARBOROUGH, J. A., CWO	48	45	46	47	93	280
						1132

2d Place—MCB, Team No. 2 1128
3d Place—MCRD, Parris Island 1126

Wirgman Team Trophy Match

MB, Annapolis, Md. (Winner)

	200S	200R	300R	500S	600S	Agg.
FARNHAM, E. D., Cpl.	46	50	49	49	97	291
MILLER, R. W., SSgt.	41	45	48	48	88	270
HURM, A. W., 1stLt.	45	45	44	48	89	271
POWELL, R. A., Pfc	43	46	46	48	91	274
						1106

2d Place—DofS, Philadelphia, Pa. 1105
3d Place—Boston, Mass. 1103

Western Division Rifle Matches

(Marine Corps Recruit Depot, San Diego, California)

Standing	Name & Rank	Organization	Agg. Score	Medal
1.	POODRY, F. E., TSgt.	1stMarDiv	565	1st Gold
2.	FRYMAN, R. G., Sgt.	Hawaiian Area	564	2d Gold
3.	HUMPHERY, F. M., 1stLt.	1stMarDiv	564	Add Gold
4.	SCHONE, M. D., SSgt.	1stMarDiv	564	Dist
5.	COX, LeMoin, 2dLt.	1stMarDiv	562	Add Gold
6.	LAWRENCE, A. B., MSgt.	Barstow	561	Dist
7.	WITKOWSKI, H. J., 1stLt.	Barstow	561	Add Gold
8.	BRAUN, T. E., 1stLt.	MB, Camp Pendleton	561	Add Gold
9.	HILLIS, W. W., TSgt.	MCRD, San Diego	560	Dist
10.	THORNE, D. D., Pfc	MCRD, San Diego	560	3rd Gold
11.	HINGST, O. R., Cpl.	Hawaiian Area	560	4th Gold
12.	CARD, H. W., Col.	11th Res. Dist	560	Dist
13.	KINSEY, R. H., Cpl.	1stMarDiv	559	5th Gold
14.	HUNT, C. E., Pfc	Barstow	559	1st Silver
15.	SEARLE, R. H., Pfc	1stMarDiv	559	2d Silver
16.	MILLER, V. F., MSgt.	1stMarDiv	558	3rd Silver
17.	DICKEY, R. L., Capt.	1st MAW, El Toro	557	Dist
18.	DOEHLER, W. F., 1stLt.	1stMarDiv	557	Add Silver
19.	MARTIN, R. E., TSgt.	1stMarDiv	557	4th Silver
20.	SCOTT, E. J., MSgt.	1st MAW, El Toro	556	Dist
21.	YOUNG, J. K., Capt.	MAS, Seattle	556	Add Silver
22.	HENDERSON, "B", "B", TSgt.	1stMarDiv	556	5th Silver
23.	BECKER, R. R., TSgt.	MCRD, San Diego	556	6th Silver
24.	BOSWELL, R. J., Sgt.	Central Pacific	556	7th Silver
25.	SLOAN, C., 1stLt.	Barstow	556	Add Silver
26.	DeCLOUD, J., 1stLt.	1st MAW, El Toro	555	Add Silver
27.	BLACKBURN, E. T., Sgt.	1stMarDiv	555	8th Silver
28.	TILTON, R. C., 2dLt.	1stMarDiv	555	Add Silver
29.	KOZAK, J. M., MSgt.	NTC, San Diego	555	Dist
30.	COMPTON, A. A., Capt.	1stMarDiv	553	Dist
31.	TAYLOR, H. E., TSgt.	Camp Pendleton	555	Dist
32.	McPHERSON, G. B., 1stLt.	1stMarDiv	554	Add Silver
33.	WRIGHT, F. O., Sgt.	San Francisco	554	9th Silver
34.	WEYL, W. H., Pfc	Camp Pendleton	554	10th Silver
35.	LAWLER, J. E., Sgt.	1st ComSerGrp	553	1st Bronze

LAUCHHEIMER TROPHY COMPETITION

	Rifle	Pistol	Aggregate
Winner—JAGODA, J. M., Capt. Schools Troops, Quantico, Va.	567	549	1116
2nd Place—JAGIELLO, J. A., SSgt. MCS, Quantico, Va.	570	542	1112
3rd Place—JURADO, A., TSgt. Cherry Point, N.C.	564	547	1111

INTER-DIVISION RIFLE TEAM MATCH
EASTERN DIVISION (WINNER)

BOYER, R. V., TSgt.	PEAK, M. H., TSgt.
HAGAN, R. H., MSgt.	FARNHAM, E. D., Cpl.
HURT, G. H., Cpl.	BEEBE, M. R., TSgt.
PLANTE, C., TSgt.	GLENN, C. E., SSgt.
VANDERFORD, E. A., Sgt.	NORRIS, E. S., CWO

Aggregate Score 2822

2nd Place—Western Division 2803
3rd Place—Southeastern Division 2777

INTER-DIVISION PISTOL TEAM MATCH
EASTERN DIVISION (WINNER)

	50S	25T	25R	Total
JAGODA, J. M., Capt.	91	97	94	282
JAGIELLO, J. A., SSgt.	87	88	82	257
McMILLAN, W. W., Cpl.	97	96	95	283
HURT, G. H., Cpl.	71	95	92	258
MITCHELL, T. R., MSgt.	88	96	97	281
Team Aggregate				1371

2nd Place—Southeastern Division 1328
3rd Place—Western Division 1318

Western Division Pistol Matches

Standing	Name & Rank	Organization	Agg. Score	Medal
1.	KNAPP, C. R., Sgt.	San Diego	559	1st Gold
2.	MARTIN, R. E., TSgt.	1stMarDiv	557	2d Gold
3.	ADAMS, H. J., Jr., Maj.	11th Res Dist	552	Dist
4.	JORDAN, W. L., Jr., MSgt.	1stMarDiv	552	Dist
5.	COVER, R. L., 1stLt.	1stMarDiv	551	Add Gold
6.	SCHONE, M. D., SSgt.	1stMarDiv	550	3rd Gold
7.	TRYON, C. G., MSgt.	Camp Pendleton	549	1st Silver
8.	McPHERSON, G. B., 1stLt.	1stMarDiv	547	Add Silver
9.	SEALEY, A. J., WO	1stMarDiv	547	Dist
10.	CARD, N. W., Col.	11th Res Dist	546	Add Silver
11.	BUTCHER, F. "H", Jr., TSgt.	1stMarDiv	542	Dist
12.	BARRETT, H. A., MSgt.	1stMarDiv	540	Dist
13.	KAIMA, M. P., TSgt.	Camp Pendleton	539	2d Silver
14.	WILEY, C. J., MSgt.	1st MAW, El Toro	539	Dist
15.	DAVIS, J. A., MSgt.	1stMarDiv	538	3rd Silver
16.	KOZAK, J. N., MSgt.	NTC, San Diego	538	Dist
17.	WRIGHT, F. O., Sgt.	San Francisco	536	4th Silver
18.	BERGMANN, F. J., CWO	MCRD, San Diego	534	Dist
19.	PORRHY, F. E., TSgt.	1stMarDiv	533	5th Silver
20.	MUCKLEROY, R., MSgt.	1stMarDiv	532	6th Silver
21.	HURTIG, M. B., MSgt.	Barstow	532	1st Bronze
22.	TERRELA, R. S., CWO	Point Mugu	530	Add Bronze
23.	BECKER, R. R., TSgt.	MCRD, San Diego	529	Dist
24.	URBANEC, W. A., MSgt.	1stMarDiv	529	2d Bronze
25.	TAYLOR, H. E., TSgt.	Camp Pendleton	528	Dist
26.	JONES, R. O., TSgt.	NTC, San Diego	528	3rd Bronze
27.	PETERSON, J. H., Sgt.	1st ComSerGrp	526	4th Bronze
28.	LIGGETT, J. B., TSgt.	1stMarDiv	525	5th Bronze
29.	LARUM, O. H., Sgt.	1stMarDiv	525	6th Bronze
30.	PARKS, R. L., MSgt.	1st MAW, El Toro	524	Dist
31.	DYNES, W. R., Jr., SSgt.	MCRD, San Diego	524	7th Bronze
32.	BRAUN, T. B., 1stLt.	Camp Pendleton	521	Add Bronze
33.	LAWRENCE, A. B., MSgt.	Barstow	520	Dist
34.	HILLIS, W. W., TSgt.	MCRD, San Diego	519	8th Bronze
35.	MILLER, V. F., MSgt.	1stMarDiv	517	Bronze

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Southeastern Division Pistol Matches

(Camp Lejeune, North Carolina)

Standing	Name & Rank	Organization	Agg. Score	Medal
1.	BARRIER, T. E., Capt.	HQMC, Washington	557	Dist
2.	FOWLER, J. A., TSgt.	2dMarDiv	550	Dist
3.	DEVINE, W. L., TSgt.	Parris Island	548	Dist
4.	HUGHES, J. A., Capt.	Cherry Point	547	Dist
5.	HAFER, R. D., TSgt.	2dMarDiv	544	Dist
6.	JURADO, A., TSgt.	Cherry Point	534	1st Gold
7.	GUMENNY, L., 1stLt.	2dMarDiv	534	Add Silver
8.	McINTYRE, R. C., CWO	2dMarDiv	527	Dist
9.	LEAK, H. J., MSgt.	2dMarDiv	526	1st Silver
10.	CLEGHORNE, H., CWO	2dMarDiv	525	Dist
11.	HESSON, E. L., TSgt.	Parris Island	523	2d Silver
12.	KROSS, G., Capt.	Cherry Point	521	Dist
13.	O'MALLEY, C. J., Capt.	Cherry Point	521	Add Silver
14.	CARPENTER, T. R., CWO	Parris Island	521	Add Silver
15.	REDMOUND, A. J., SSgt.	2dMarDiv	519	Dist
16.	MORGAN, C. W., MSgt.	MB, NAS, Pensacola	519	3d Silver
17.	OLIVE, D. C., Capt.	8th Reg Dist	519	Add Bronze
18.	JOHNSON, I. W., TSgt.	2dMarDiv	516	Bronze
19.	BARDE, R. E., 1stLt.	2dMarDiv	515	Add Bronze
20.	CROCKER, E., JR., TSgt.	2dMarDiv	515	1st Bronze
21.	OWENS, M. G., TSgt.	2dMarDiv	514	2d Bronze
22.	RAILING, C. R., MSgt.	2dMarDiv	513	Dist
23.	CHANEY, R. D., CWO	2d ComSerGrp	512	Dist
24.	WRIGHT, A. H., SSgt.	Cherry Point	511	2d Bronze
25.	LUPSCOMB, N. A., 1stLt.	Parris Island	509	Add Bronze
26.	LAMBERT, G. H., Pfc	Parris Island	509	4th Bronze
27.	CHOCIEJ, L. A., SSgt.	Parris Island	506	5th Bronze

Southeastern Division Rifle Matches

(Camp Lejeune, North Carolina)

Standing	Name & Rank	Organization	Agg. Score	Medal
1.	DEVINE, W. L., TSgt.	Parris Island	567	Dist
2.	DE LAHUNT, R. E., CWO	Parris Island	565	Dist
3.	BROOKS, George (n), Capt.	Cherry Point	564	Dist
4.	BEILFUSS, R. J., Sgt.	2dMarDiv	563	1st Gold
5.	BARRIER, T. E., Capt.	HQMC, Washington	562	Dist
6.	CREECH, "L" "J", Sgt.	MB, NAS, Pensacola	561	2d Gold
7.	WESTERDAHL, B. A., Sgt.	2dMarDiv	560	3d Gold
8.	CARPENTER, T. R., CWO	Parris Island	560	Dist
9.	BARDE, R. E., 1stLt.	2dMarDiv	559	Add Silver
10.	BACHAN, J. A., MSgt.	MB, Camp Lejeune	558	1st Silver
11.	ASHLEY, I. V., CWO	MB, Camp Lejeune	557	Add Silver
12.	HUGHES, J. A., Capt.	Cherry Point	557	Add Silver
13.	ORR, E. W., CWO	2dMarDiv	557	Dist
14.	LAND, C. K., TSgt.	2dMarDiv	556	Dist
15.	DASKALAKIS, G. C., Capt.	Cherry Point	556	Add Silver
16.	FERRELL, D. M., 2dLt	2d ComServGrp	556	Add Silver
17.	LAMBERT, G. H., Pfc	Parris Island	555	2d Silver
18.	SIMMONS, H. M., TSgt.	2dMarDiv	555	3d Silver
19.	KANAVEL, J. R., HMC	MB, Camp Lejeune	555	Navy Silver
20.	CARLE, W. R., Pfc	MB, Camp Lejeune	553	4th Silver
21.	RAY, W. H., Pfc	MB, Camp Lejeune	554	5th Silver
22.	HESSON, E. L., TSgt.	Parris Island	554	Dist
23.	OWENS, M. G., TSgt.	2dMarDiv	554	6th Silver
24.	BIBB, O. L., Capt.	2dMarDiv	553	Add Bronze
25.	HAFER, F. D., TSgt.	2dMarDiv	553	Dist
26.	DeLOACHE, W. L., Sgt.	Parris Island	553	1st Bronze
27.	DAWSON, R. E., Capt.	Parris Island	553	Add Bronze
28.	KOZLON, G. F., Pfc	Camp Lejeune	553	2d Bronze
29.	SOUTNOTT, J. E., SSgt.	MB, Camp Lejeune	553	3d Bronze
30.	KING, J., 1stLt.	Jacksonville, Fla.	551	Add Bronze
31.	HAYES, E. L., SSgt.	2dMarDiv	551	4th Bronze
32.	WRIGHT, A. H., SSgt.	Cherry Point	551	5th Bronze
33.	MUCHA, J. F., Cpl.	Cherry Point	551	6th Bronze
34.	BARNES, C. A., Capt.	2dMarDiv	551	Add Bronze
35.	CROCKER, E., Jr., TSgt.	2dMarDiv	550	7th Bronze

General Dudley Brown presents CWO De LaHunt with Individual Rifle Trophy. De LaHunt shattered the old record

Quantico's MCAS rifle team got the Elliott Trophy and a big smile from General Thomas. CWO Scarborough holds cup

Results of the Marine Corps Pistol Competion

Standing	Name & Rank	Organization	Agg. Score	Medal
1.	HURT, G. H., Cpl.	MCS, Quantico	553	1st Gold
2.	MITCHELL, T. R., MSgt.	MCS, Quantico	552	Dist.
3.	BARRIER, T. E., Capt.	HqMC, Wash., D.C.	552	Dist.
4.	GOVER, R. L., 1stLt.	1stMarDiv	551	Silver
5.	SEALEY, A. J., WO	1stMarDiv	551	Dist.
6.	JAGODA, J. M., Capt.	S.T., Quantico	549	Dist.
7.	TRYON, C. G., MSgt.	MB, Camp Pendleton	548	Dist.
8.	MARTIN, R. E., TSgt.	1stMarDiv	548	Dist.
9.	JURADO, A., TSgt.	Cherry Point	547	1st Silver
10.	BULLOCK, H. F., MSgt.	MCAS, Quantico	546	Dist.
11.	KOZAK, J. M., MSgt.	NTC, San Diego	546	Dist.
12.	McPHERSON, G. B., 1stLt.	1stMarDiv	545	Silver
13.	DEVINE, W. L., TSgt.	MCRD, Parris Island	544	Dist.
14.	McMILLAN, W. W., Cpl.	MB, Brooklyn	543	Dist.
15.	NIHART, F. B., LtCol.	MCS, Quantico	542	Dist.
16.	JAGIELLO, J. A., SSgt.	MCS, Quantico	542	Dist.
17.	FREEMAN, F. O., MSgt.	HqMC, Wash., D.C.	542	Dist.
18.	McINTYRE, R. C., CWO	2dMarDiv	542	Dist.
19.	SCHONE, M. D., SSgt.	1stMarDiv	542	Dist.
20.	POWLER, J. A., TSgt.	2dMarDiv	540	Dist.
21.	BECKER, R. R., TSgt.	MCRD, San Diego	539	Dist.
22.	BILLING, M. W., CWO	MCS, Quantico	539	Dist.
23.	WOOD, R. M., LtCol.	MCS, Quantico	539	Silver
24.	PERNA, V., MSgt.	MCS, Quantico	538	Dist.
25.	DYNES, W. J., MSgt.	MCRD, San Diego	537	Dist.
26.	JONES, J. G., SSgt.	MCS, Quantico	536	Dist.
27.	PODDRY, F. E., TSgt.	1stMarDiv	535	Dist.
28.	WILEY, C. J., MSgt.	MCAS, El Toro	535	Dist.
29.	BEEBE, M. R., TSgt.	NOB, Norfolk	535	Dist.
30.	UNDERWOOD, G. C., TSgt.	1st MAW, El Toro	535	2d Silver
31.	BARBE, R. E., 1stLt.	2dMarDiv	534	Bronze
32.	HARDY, J. C., MSgt.	MCS, Quantico	534	Dist.
33.	JONES, R. O., TSgt.	NTC, San Diego	534	1st Bronze
34.	HAGAN, R. H., MSgt.	MCS, Quantico	534	Dist.
35.	FOWLER, G. T., LtCol.	MCS, Quantico	534	Dist.

Results of Marine Corps Rifle Competition

Standing	Name & Rank	Organization	Agg. Score	Medal
1.	DE LaHUNT, R. E., CWO	Parris Island	578	Dist.
2.	COX, L., 2dLt.	1stMarDiv	576	Dist.
3.	BEEBE, M. R., TSgt.	NOB, Norfolk	574	Dist.
4.	LAWLER, J. E., Sgt.	MCRD, San Diego	573	1st Gold
5.	JONES, J. G., SSgt.	MCS, Quantico	571	Dist.
6.	DAWSON, R. E., Capt.	MCRD, Parris Island	571	Gold
7.	JAGIELLO, J. A., SSgt.	MCS, Quantico	570	Dist.
8.	COMPTON, A. A., Capt.	2dMarDiv	569	Dist.
9.	FARNHAM, E. D., Cpl.	MB, Annapolis, Md.	569	2d Gold
10.	VANDERFORD, R. A., Sgt.	NGF, Wash., D. C.	569	1st Silver
11.	TAYLOR, H. E., TSgt.	MB, Camp Pendleton	568	Dist.
12.	JAGODA, J. M., Capt.	S.T., Quantico	567	Dist.
13.	JORDAN, W. L., MSgt.	1stMarDiv	567	Dist.
14.	HILLIS, W. W., TSgt.	MCRD, San Diego	566	Dist.
15.	BARRETT, H. A., MSgt.	1stMarDiv	566	Dist.
16.	WEYL, W. H., Pfc.	MB, Camp Pendleton	566	2d Silver
17.	GREENLEE, P. E., Sgt.	MCRD, San Diego	566	3d Silver
18.	SCHONE, M. D., SSgt.	1stMarDiv	566	Dist.
19.	HAGAN, R. H., MSgt.	MCS, Quantico	565	Dist.
20.	BAILEY, P. V., Sgt.	DofS, Philadelphia	565	1st Bronze
21.	BOITNOTT, J. E., SSgt.	MB, Camp Lejeune	565	Dist.
22.	BIBB, O. L., Capt.	2dMarDiv	565	Dist.
23.	MORGAN, C. W., MSgt.	Pensacola	564	Score Only
24.	JURADO, A., TSgt.	Cherry Point	564	Score Only
25.	LAND, C. K., TSgt.	2dMarDiv	564	Dist.
26.	HUNT, G. E., Pfc.	DofS, Barstow	564	2d Bronze
27.	O'KEEFE, K., 2dLt.	MB, Washington, D.C.	563	Bronze
28.	BOTT, J. J., Capt.	1stMarDiv	562	Dist.
29.	MARTIN, R. E., TSgt.	1stMarDiv	562	3d Bronze
30.	BARDE, R. E., 1stLt.	2dMarDiv	562	Bronze
31.	HESSON, E. L., TSgt.	MCRD, Parris Island	562	Dist.
32.	BLAIR, G. G., 1stLt.	MB, Great Lakes	562	Dist.
33.	McMILLAN, W. W., Cpl.	MB, Brooklyn, N.Y.	562	4th Bronze
34.	CARPENTER, T. R., CWO	MCRD, Parris Island	561	Dist.
35.	TRYON, C. G., MSgt.	MB, Camp Pendleton	561	Score Only

END

In reserve

by TSgt. Ronald D. Lyons

Bob Pester, 8-year-old honorary Marine sergeant, gets briefed by 1st Lt. Richard Daniels of Des Moines, Ia. Young Bob now 'belongs' to VMF-113, Lincoln, Nebr.

From Lincoln, Nebr.

Honorary Sergeant

An eight-year-old Lincoln, Nebr. boy became an honorary Marine sergeant recently.

Robert N. Pester, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene W. Pester of Lincoln, made his rating in Marine Fighter Squadron 113, Reserve air unit at the U.S. Naval Air Station in Lincoln. The presentation was made by Major Sumner J. House, commanding officer of VMF-113.

Bob, as he is known to his schoolmates, filled out a Marine Corps information-request card and mailed it to the fighter squadron office. Accompanying the card was Bob's note, "I can play the Marine Him on a tonnette." (A tonnette is a small, plastic, flute-like instrument.)

Captain James L. Cooper, exec officer of the Marine Air Detachment, answered the prospective Marine's application, advising him to continue his schooling, Cub Scout work, and prepare himself for a career in the Corps when he meets the age requirement. Also included in the letter was an invitation for Bob to be the squadron's guest at the June drill.

Bob wasted no time in replying, and submitted the following request to Capt. Cooper:

"Dear James; I would licke to have a Marine pike me up and tack me to the air station and see you and then tack me home. I will bring my tonnette."

Bob's request was granted. He met the officers of the squadron, visited the pilot's ready room, and watched the F-6 fighters take off and observed mechanics as they repaired plane motors.

During the rest periods, "Sergeant Bob" proved as good as his word by entertaining the Reserve Marines with his tonnette renditions of the Marine Corps Hymn.

Although the Marines couldn't accept Bob Pester's application for enlistment, they were sure he enjoyed, as his mother said, "The greatest thing that has happened to him in all his eight and a half years of living."

From Cherry Point, N. C.

Maneuvers

The Marine Corps Air Station at Cherry Point, N.C., was the setting for Marine Air Reserve maneuvers again this Summer. There was one change, however, from past years—all squadrons, with two exceptions, were from west of the Mississippi.

Previously, the Reservists training at the Point were all from east of the Mississippi, while those west of the mighty river trained at the Marine Corps Air Station, El Toro, Calif.

Assembling at their home stations, approximately 2600 officers and men departed by air for Cherry Point on July 8. Many pilots flew fighter planes, while the remainder of the personnel were lifted by Commandos, Packets (Flying Boxcars), Skymasters, and Skytrains of the Regular Marine Corps transport squadrons based at Cherry Point and El Toro.

An important mission of the Reservists during maneuvers was the close support of ground troops during a mock amphibious assault. Once a landing was made by fellow Marines of nearby Camp Lejeune, N.C., on the coastal Carolina beaches, the ground troops contacted the planes by radio, and requested that certain "enemy" installations be knocked out, or that special coverage be given one of their platoons.

From Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Honor Man

First Lieutenant Edwin Scotcher, USMCR, Squadron Materiel Officer of VMF-441, an Organized Marine Air Reserve unit at NAS, Niagara Falls, N.Y., graduated from the University of Buffalo with high honors recently.

Recipient last year of the Taylor Caldwell scholarship, Lieut. Scotcher has also been awarded the George Knight Houpt prize and a Phi Beta Kappa key for his high scholastic averages.

An enlisted radio operator during World War II, the lieutenant served aboard the gunboat *USS Erie* in Panama at the beginning of the war. His overseas duty later took him to Guam, Okinawa and China.

Lieut. Scotcher, commissioned on January 1, 1945, plans to continue his education with an eye toward a Master degree and an ultimate teaching career.

TURN PAGE

Close-air-support, Marine style. Dallas Reserve Corsair fighters support infantry troops from New York Reserve during landing exercises held at Camp Lejeune

From Minneapolis

Women Reserves

The twin cities of Minneapolis and St Paul, Minnesota, buzzed with female conversation last Fall. Reason for the talk was the announcement that women's Reserve units were to be formed in 13 key cities throughout the country—and one of those platoons was to be established in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area.

The Minneapolis unit (officially called the W. R.

MSgt. Cecilia Nadeau (far left) and 1st Lieut. Ardath Bierlein talk shop with Pfcs Martha Krass, Ruth Klett, Elda Snavely

When Msgt. Cecila Nadeau, Sgt. Evelyn Portlance, and SSgt. Leona Dickey total their service time it amounts to 16 years

No girl likes ink on her fingers. But Pvt. Ruth Tausta finds it's necessary when you sign up with the Women Reserves

Platoon, 4th Infantry Battalion, USMCR) had no trouble filling its original quota of 50 enlisted women and two officers. For two hours every week the girls in the units are Marines—wearing the uniform of the day while mustering for drill and instruction at the Naval Air Station, Wold-Chamberlain Field.

Two classes of women can join the Organized Reserve: veterans, provided their actual age minus service time is not more than 32; and non-veterans, aged 18-31 inclusive. Although they sign up for an indefinite period, the women Reservists can leave the Marine Corps at any time, except during a national emergency. Each woman Reserve receives one day's pay, according to her rank, for a weekly drill period.

The women's unit will have two weeks' active duty this month. But the women won't go to Summer camp, like men of the 4th Infantry Battalion.

Phyllis Davis and Ardath Bierlein, 1st Lts., supervise training, recruiting and supply for Twin Cities Women Reserve platoon

Twenty-five thousand Armed Forces Day spectators watched 1st. Lieut. Bierlein put her platoon through close order drill

Master Sergeant T. B. Polvogt, Inspector-Instructor sergeant major, checks a dispatch while SSgt. Leona Dickey looks on

Rather, their training will be at the air station. Probably some time will be spent on battalion paper work, to give them valuable on-the-job training for their military billets.

Any national emergency would find them trained and ready for immediate duty. Most of them would be assigned to clerical work and recruiting duty, as the majority of World War II W. R.s were.

Meanwhile, each woman in the Organized Reserve carries a dual responsibility—being a Marine and a useful member of the civilian community. **END**

SSgt. Lucille Almon, USMCR—W

THE RETURN OF THE GREMLINS

A little stowaway puts the touch on an unbelieving pilot to pull a jet out of a rough weather flight

by Walt Sheldon

THERE'S only one trouble with being an observer—it carries over. You find yourself observing when you're not even flying—especially when fate tosses you into the company of a pair of flying officers, and you yourself have attained not more than the full rank of sergeant.

I'm on desert duty, here in the dry middle of the continent, all because I racked up a fine gunnery score in a big fat TBF-1 off San Diego. So they pick *me* to come out here and ride with the test pilots who are finding out about certain Air Force planes for possible Navy use. Next time I'll know better.

This was the day we were to make the big weather flight in the Northrop Scorpion. In the morning I was not at the base, on duty; I was in the Tesqua Curio Shoppe in the little town of Tesqua making a purely personal call on Jane Peters, who works there.

That was when Major Bobo Laramie and Lieutenant Douglas Tate barged in.

"Good morning, sirs," I said. Not happily.

Jane looked up. Jane Peters. Ginger-blonde, pert, bright-eyed. And unattached. "Why, hello, boys," she said.

"Hiyah, Janie," said Bobo Laramie, grinning, and then to me: "What are *you* doing here, O'Flaherty?"

I looked Major Bobo Laramie right in the eye and said, "Just using up a little liberty. Well-earned liberty, sir," I added pointedly.

Bobo laughed again. He laughed easily; he was stubby and square-faced, and had just the faint beginnings of baldness. His chest was just about broad enough to hold all the ribbons he'd earned—but hardly ever wore. Altogether, not a bad guy: I could even like him if I weren't more or less directly under his command. One thing, he was an airman from the word contact. He'd been around. He'd flown from carriers in the Pacific and he'd even taken a tour with the Eighth Air Force over Europe.

But flying wasn't his only talent. He maneuvered himself neatly to the counter, more or less displacing Lieut. Tate, smiled a brilliant, pearly smile at Jane, and said, "It's almost lunch time. I've discovered where they serve the best hamburgers in town."

Jane said, "There's only one hamburger place *in* town."

"That's right," said Bobo simply, "so we'll both have to eat there, and I don't like having lunch alone. So whenever you're ready . . ."

I caught Lieut. Tate's eye. With almost anybody else a significant look would have been exchanged—but with Doug Tate, not quite. He was dark, and slender. A little moody. He always looked as if he was working out a problem in quantum physics in his head. But a very hot pilot, like Bobo. In a different way, however—Bobo flew by instinct, Tate by the book. That isn't as bad as it sounds because Tate knew every word in the book verbatim; I'd heard he'd placed fifth in his class at the Academy and second at Pensacola. He was too

TURN PAGE

young to have gone through Fracas II, as Bobo had, but he could still make airplanes do things their designers hadn't dreamed of.

Funny, when it came to flying it was just about a toss-up between the two. The Operations Officer hadn't decided yet who was going to take Black Beauty up on her weather hop today—Tate or Bobo Laramie. That meant that I still didn't know who I was going to be riding with.

Anyway, here I was, once more an observer—observing Tate and Bobo go to town with *my dame*. Well, she hadn't exactly *said* she was my dame—but I'd discovered her first. I'd known her all of a couple of weeks now and I'd come around this morning to see if she wanted a present. A certain token of my esteem that I was in a position to give her by virtue of a certain incident which had happened a month ago, and the results of a certain crap game in which I had participated the previous night.

I would not be put off, I decided. I stepped forward. "'Scuse me—Jane. As I was saying when these—uh—gentlemen walked in. I have a present for you. If—if you want it."

She turned the sunshine of her smile on me and said, "Why, Ronnie, how nice!"

"Yes, Ronnie, how nice," said Bobo, grinning.

I ignored him. "You were telling me how your kitten died some time ago. A black and white one. Well, Sergeant Rakowski's cat had kittens, and I was in a small game of chance with the sergeant last night, and—"

"Ronnie, that's sweet of you!" She looked as if I'd promised to give her a chartreuse fishtail convertible. "Why—that's *exactly* what I've been wanting! A black and white kitten!"

Bobo groaned.

I grinned at him. Triumphantly.

But at this moment Lieut. Tate saw his opportunity, and grabbed it. "Say, Jane, how about a swim at the Hot Spring tonight?"

She said, "I'm sorry, Doug, but I have to tend shop tonight. I have this afternoon off, though—"

Tate said, "Oh. Well I guess I'll be tied up this afternoon. Taking that weather hop. They're going to seed a cloud with dry ice and we're going to try Black Beauty out in it. O'Flaherty and I."

Bobo whirled upon him and said, "What makes you think they're picking *you* for that flight?"

"Well." Tate shrugged. "Not to be big-headed about it or anything. But, after all—"

"Now listen to me, Doug." Bobo jabbed a stubby finger at Tate's chest. "I happen to know *I'll* be the one to flub around in that thunderstorm today."

"Yeah? How do you know?"

"The gremlins told me."

"The what?" Tate raised an eyebrow.

"Gremlins," said Bobo, in all seriousness. "Little creatures about a foot high who play tricks on airmen until you catch one and let him go. After that they help you. You can't see them unless you flew with the R.A.F."

Tate shook his head and said, "Poor Bobo . . ."

"All right," said Bobo. "Ask O'Flaherty." He turned to me. "*You* believe in the little people, don't you, Sergeant?"

"Implicitly, sir," I said. Without batting an eye.

Lieut. Douglas Tate snorted.

"Well, anyway," said Bobo "there's one thing we can agree on, Doug."

"What's that, Bobo?"

"That Sgt. Ronald O'Flaherty ought to be back on the base at this moment, helping pre-flight Black Beauty."

"Hey—wait a minute!" I said. "While you take Jane to lunch, I should do that?"

"Sergeant," said Bobo, "you wouldn't neglect your duty, would you?"

Well, that was the way it was. I swore I'd get even on them somehow, of course, and they knew that as well as I did. They'd take it in good grace if I ever did manage to get even—but that thought didn't help much. They ceremoniously took me to the bus, helped me up on it, and chuckled and waved good bye. As the bus started for the base I heard Jane saying, "Really, boys, that wasn't very nice—"

But I had a last laugh on at least one of them that same day. That was inevitable, of course. One of them was going to be left out on this weather flight. Naturally, both wanted the detail badly—the flight report, of no small importance, would go up and up through channels, bringing no small measure of glory and the possibility of future promotion to the man who authored it.

When I finally hiked down to operations and looked at the assignment board I saw whose name was chalked there.

Tate. Lieut. Douglas Tate, the nerveless, scientific pilot.

That was okay with me. One or the other; I'd fly with either. I disliked them both, now, equally as well.

I picked up my gear from the bin and stalked on down to the line. Both Bobo and Tate were there. Tate wore one of his rare grins. Bobo looked glum. As I came up, Bobo was shaking his head sadly at the lieutenant. "Doug, so help me, you're just not the man for the job. It's another perfect example of misplacement in the Armed Forces."

"And why," said Tate, "am I not the man for the job?"

"You don't believe in gremlins," said Bobo. "No man who doesn't believe in gremlins should be given an important flight."

Tate laughed, put his hand on Bobo's shoulder and said, "Major, you go on believing in gremlins—I'll stick to scientific facts."

Bobo put his hand out and said, "Well, anyway, good luck."

"Thanks," said Tate. "Not that I'll rely on it."

And then it was time to climb aboard.

Tate handed me a carbon of the flimsy; I hopped in aft, and waited, looking around while he made his cockpit check. The Black Beauty had been modified somewhat for experimental purposes and a rear gun in-

stalled instead of all the radar search equipment. There wouldn't be much for me to do but ride this trip, and jot down any observations I could make. They just wanted a gunner along so that the flight would, in every way, simulate actual operational conditions.

Tate looked around and said, "Check your ejector, O'Flaherty."

I checked. There were little pins that had to be pulled out. Without them the seat wouldn't pop forty-six feet into the air when you pulled the escape handle. Without that pop you wouldn't get out of an airplane going some 600 knots, if you had to. I went over the rest of my stuff, G-suit, Lombard crash helmet, and bail-out oxygen bottle. I plugged into the interphone.

Then someone came up to the edge of the cockpit and I saw that it was Sgt. Rakowski. Rakowski was blond and raw-boned and slow-moving, and always looked sleepy, even in the middle of the day. "Hey, O'Flaherty," he said, "you were lookin' for me?"

"An hour or so ago," I said. "I wanted you to take care of that kitten so you could give it to Jane in case—well, in case we don't exactly land three-wheeled, the way we're suppose to."

"Okay, sure, I'll do that," said Rakowski.

But I waved my hand at him. "It's okay. I got it taken care of."

Rakowski waved back and stepped away. They wheeled the battery cart up and plugged it in. You need a hot spark from the outside to start these jets.

"Clear scoop, clear tail!" called Tate, from forward.

"Clear," said the crewmen.

"Light it!" he said. He flicked the master switch and engaged the starter. Two J-47 engines started to clank and turn over, and when they reached five percent he nudged the throttle and—whoooom!—they began to roar. The ground crew yanked the plug from the socket. We rolled away . . .

Fifteen minutes later we were headed for a big, fat boiling thunder-head that covered nearly a county—and one of these western counties, at that—and reached up to nearly 30,000 feet. Funny, how they look like whipped cream from a distance. Soft, lovely, gentle whipped cream. But inside—well, a dozen mountain cats having a free-for-all would be like a church social compared to it. The up and down drafts can hurl a plane 1000 feet at a crack if they're strong enough. If you get right between an up and down draft you can be snapped around on your back. This was our afternoon assignment: just to see how the Scorpion would act.

Otherwise it was a lovely day. A big, desert day with the sky shimmering at the horizon and the landscape like a youngster's sand box below. The sound of the twin jets, falling away behind, was smooth and healthy. The Scorpion, which the Air Force calls the F-89, had none of that vibration and incessant drone of regular prop-and-engine planes. There was only the faint whistle of the air going by the canopy, and the clicking and clanking of the hydraulic gear underfoot. The airspeed said 530 knots.

"Tower? You guys ain't gonna believe this—"

Now the cloud loomed ahead of us suddenly—a vast wall of sheep's wool. Lieutenant Tate's voice crackled in the interphone. "Here we go, O'Flaherty. Hang on. We're entering above freezing level, so keep an eye out for icing on the rear surfaces. No boots on these babies. I'll watch the wings."

"Let's go," I said.

The jet's terrible speed had taken us to the edge of the stuffed cloud even as we spoke. One second we were in sunshine and big sky. The next we were in a rolling, lashing gray milk that shut out everything. The rain and hail making a loud, hissing roar on canopy and fuselage.

The first buck. My seat belt dug in as sharply as a swung two-by-four. My stomach wanted to stay where it had been. I looked out at the wing-tips with their two black, teardrop tanks and saw them flapping—like a man holding his arms out and imitating a bird. I felt shudders of various kinds go through the airplane.

She dropped suddenly then—sickeningly. She racked over on her side, and I could see the ailerons fluttering nervously as Tate fought for control, and then abruptly, she snapped over to the other side.

"All the saints!" I said to myself. "Every one of them!"

I must have left the switch on. Tate apparently heard me. His voice said in my headsets. "Yeah. Rough as a cob."

I switched around then and looked at the tail surfaces. White frosting was beginning to form on them. "Rime on the tail, sir," I said. "Forming fast."

"On the wings, too," said Tate. I could hear the frown in his voice. Rime ice is not fun. Clear ice more or less conforms to the shape of your wing and gives you at least some wind of an airfoil. Rime ice twists and burbles the slipstream until you've got no more lift than a six-hitch master sergeant's bay window.

"Sir," I said, "would it be politic to suggest at this time that we get the hell out of here?"

"I was thinking along those lines myself," said Tate as the plane slammed 500 feet upward. "But we're near the middle now. We might as well keep going."

"Mine not to reason why" I muttered, but I don't think he heard it.

The Black Beauty snapped around suddenly, making a complete roll. We were straight and level again. At least I think we were. Couldn't really tell in this gray soup. And the artificial horizon and bank and turn indicator didn't help—they were dancing crazily all over the place.

Then I heard a queer, reedy humming sound—something like a stuck accordion reed. I knew that sound. Black Beauty always made it when her speed approached the speed of sound, the sonic barrier. I looked at the Mach indicator. Eight point five. But we weren't nearly at full thrust. That could mean only one thing. *We were diving.*

"Lieutenant!" I yelled.

"I know it!" he yelled back. "I'm trying to get her out!"

Then, a terrible feeling of helplessness for the next second or so—gray all around, and *(continued on page 62)*

NEW ROCKS & SHOALS

AFTER MAY 1951 . . .

- Speedier justice
- Enlisted men may sit on court-martial boards
- The CO gets more punitive power
- Trials will be handled by experts
- Officers may be tried by lower courts

THIS article is a layman's interpretation of Public Law 506 (H. R. 4080) which establishes and enacts a Uniform Code of Military Justice. As in any untechnical discussion of a highly technical subject, misinterpretations might result from over-simplification. We merely present the broad outline of the new code which replaces our present Articles for the Government of the Navy and makes our administrative set-up (Naval Courts and Boards) obsolete. A manual replacing Naval Courts and Boards will be published prior to May, 1951, at which time Leatherneck *will print the complete story of the new system.*

IF YOU enjoy five days of bread and water you'd better get it from your skipper before May, 1951. After that date your CO will not be able to serve cake and wine at his Office Hours.

In fact, there will not be any Officer Hours after next May. Commanding Officers Non-judicial Punishment (which is the same thing) will be in effect then. The Marine Corps, Navy, Coast Guard, Army and Air Force will be unified under a single system of military justice. Replacing the articles of War and the Articles for the Government of the Navy ("Rocks and Shoals") will be the Uniform Code of Military Justice—UCMJ.

Attorneys who by accident or design found themselves in the service during the last war nearly went wild when they first came in contact with our courts-martial procedures. Many thought the system didn't serve justice very well. There were many legal loopholes, officers with no legal experience in charge, and many mistrials. The "legal eagles" called the set-up "confusing," "obsolete."

A revision had to be made. All branches of the service were required to revise their respective court-martial system. The Air Force at this time came into its own and the Secretary of Defense, the late James Forrestal, suggested that we establish a uniform code which would deal equal justice to all branches of the armed forces.

In 1948 a committee of legal experts was appointed. Headed by Edmund Morgan, Jr. of the Harvard Law School, and made up of civilian lawyers and the best legal minds of the separate services, the committee drafted a lengthy recommendation which resulted in the enactment of UCMJ, Public Law 506. UCMJ spells out military law to simplify it and speed it up. There are many small changes in nomenclature—the names of the presiding officers and in the names of the courts-martial themselves:

NEW (UCMJ)	OLD (AGN)
Commanding Officers	Commanding Officers
Non-judicial Punishment	Office Hours—(Mast)
Summary Court-Martial	Deck Court-Martial
Special Court-Martial	Summary Court-Martial
General Court-Martial	General Court-Martial

But UCMJ has many deeper, far-reaching changes that strike to the heart of the weaknesses in the present

system. The new set-up will not allow eight-balls to get by with more infractions; nor will it give the sea lawyer more steam for his boilers. But it does give the accused a better break, more right and protection.

The spirit of the UCMJ, between the lines of the 140 Articles of the Law, is simply this: to try offenders at a lower level. Justice is fast in police courts. The higher one goes in civilian courts, the longer it takes to reach a verdict. Some civilian trials have dragged on for years. Similarly, in the military, General Courts-Martial have been long drawn out affairs. Under UCMJ there will be fewer General Courts and the tendency will be to bring offenders to trial in the lowest possible court. In keeping with this broad policy the Commanding Officer has been granted sweeping punitive powers.

The CO can now levy fines against officers of his command. The "Old Man" may take away as much as one half of a month's base pay. (This allows more fitting sentences to be awarded; under the AGN it was possible to give an *officer* only 10 days hack or a general court-martial.) Speeding on the post for instance: Lieutenant Joe Smith will take his foot off that accelerator if he has to give up $100 of his pay. Thus minor offenses may be dealt with in a manner similar to our civilian police courts.

The Commanding Officer will be able to bust a man more readily. Formerly, the CO could demote a man only from a rating established by himself. Under the new system, the CO may demote a man from a rating established by himself *or by an equivalent or lower command.*

At the same time, limitations have been placed on the CO's punishments. He may not award restriction, extra duties, or withhold privileges for longer than two weeks. (Today a man may grow old on restriction and get a hashmark in hours of EPD.) Unless a man is aboard ship he will not be awarded bread and water, and then for no longer than three days. The CO no longer has the power to confine members of his command as a punishment unless aboard ship.

Furthermore, the officers of the command, who got only ten days hack before, are now liable to two weeks restriction and loss of half a months pay. (SEE TABLE A.)

The accused does not have to accept the CO's punishment under the new system. For example:

Suppose today Joe Blow misses a roll call. He goes up to see "The Man." The CO says: "14 days restriction." Joe may feel very much abused. Under our present set-up there's not much

TABLE A

Breakdown comparing Commanding Officers punitive powers under:

NEW—Punishment Impositions	OLD—Punishment Impositions
Commanding Officer's Non-Judicial Punishment.	Commanding Officer's Office Hours or Captain's Mast.
(1) Admonition or Reprimand	(1) Same
(2) Upon Officers Of His Command (A) Withholding of privileges for a period not to exceed two (2) consecutive weeks; or	(2) (A) None
(B) restriction to certain specified limits, with or without suspension from duty, for a period not to exceed two consecutive weeks; or	(B) Not to exceed 10 days.
(C) if imposed by an officer exercising general court-martial jurisdiction, forfeiture of not more than one half of his month's pay for a period not exceeding one month.	(C) None
(3) Upon Other Military Personnel Of His Command (A) Withholding of privileges for a period not to exceed two (2) consecutive weeks; or	(3) (A) None
(B) restriction to certain specified limits, with or without suspension from duty, for a period not to exceed two consecutive weeks; or	(B) No limit of restriction
(C) extra duties for a period not to exceed two consecutive weeks, and not to exceed two hours per day, holidays included; or	(C) No restriction on extra duties
(D) reduction to next inferior grade if the grade from which demoted was established by the command or an equivalent or lower command; or	(D) Reduction of any rating established by himself
(E) if imposed upon a person attached to or embarked in a vessel, confinement for a period not to exceed seven consecutive days, or	(E) Confinement not exceeding 10 days regardless where attached
(F) if imposed upon a person attached to or embarked in a vessel, confinement on bread and water or diminished rations for a period not to exceed (3) consecutive days.	(F) five days bread and water regardless where attached
(G) None	(G) Solitary confinement not exceeding seven days

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Joe can do about it. He can stick out his neck and say: "This is an unfair punishment. I want to be tried at a Deck Court." And then it's up to the discretion of the CO—he can give Joe the Deck Court or refuse it. Chances are that Joe will take his 14 days, like it or not.

Under UCMJ, Joe Blow who dislikes his CO and feels that he'll get a raw deal anyhow, can immediately request that he be awarded a Summary Court. At this writing it appears probable that this request will be granted.

If Joe accepts his CO's punishment, and still feels abused, he can appeal to the next superior authority in the chain of command. (Procedure of appeal will be outlined in the new Manual replacing Naval Courts and Boards.) The next superior echelon may remit, suspend all or any part of the punishment imposed and may restore all privileges or property affected; or may allow the punishment to stand.

Today the Deck Court may be convened at no lower than battalion level. Under the new system the Summary Court (same as present Deck Court) will be convened at approximately company level. This again is in accord with the policy of UCMJ to allow lower courts to deal with the multitude of minor offenses.

The new Summary Court will consist of one officer, just as the present Deck Court, and the accused will have the same rights he has today: he may refuse to be tried by the officer and his case will go to the next higher court, The Special Court. (Unless he has declined non-judicial punishment—in which case he's had it—he must stand trial by Summary Court.) The officer who presides over Summary Court must have no relation to the case at hand, and must be from a different unit than the accused. (Except in specified cases when no other officers are available.)

In the new Summary Court set-up, one of the greatest changes of UCMJ becomes evident. (SEE TABLE B.) The UCMJ lists punishments which may *not* be imposed. This allows greater flexibility in awarding appropriate sentences. Hard labor, without confinement, unheard of before in Naval Justice at this level, now rears its ugly head.

Under Rocks and Shoals, all sentences were stipulated in minutest detail, for each of the courts-martial. Exact wording in writing up the sentence of the court had to be followed. Minor variations from the prescribed form of an otherwise just and correct sentence have frequently been the cause of disapproval by convening authority. For instance: a sentence of a month in solitary confinement under the old system would be irregular. (Maximum solitary confinement must not exceed 30 days—a month can be 31 days.) This small technical error has caused cases to be set aside and the court disapproved. Technical errors will have a slighter effect under UCMJ. If an error occurs, rather than having the whole case set aside and the defendant escaping through the legal loophole, the accused will be subject to a new trial.

In the Special Court, comparable to

TABLE B

NEW Summary Court (UCMJ) May NOT award	OLD Deck Court (AGN) May award
Death	Confinement on bread and water for 20 days
Discharge	Confinement for 20 days
Confinement in excess of one month	Reduction to next inferior rating
Restriction to limits in excess of two months	Deprivation of liberty on foreign shore or station
Forfeiture of two-thirds of one months pay	In addition to the above, one or both of the following:
Hard labor without confinement in excess of 45 days	Loss of pay for 20 days
	Extra police duty

TABLE C

NEW Under UCMJ the Special Court May NOT award	OLD Under AGN the Summary Court May Award
Death	Bad Conduct Discharge
Dishonorable discharge	Solitary confinement not exceeding 30 days, on bread and water
Dismissal	Solitary confinement not exceeding 30 days
Confinement in excess of six months	Confinement not exceeding two months
Hard labor without confinement in excess of (5) three months	Reduction to next inferior rating
Forfeiture of pay exceeding 2/3 of pay per month or forfeiture of pay for a period of six months	Deprivation of liberty on shore on foreign station
	Extra police duties, and loss of pay, not to exceed three months, may be added to any of the above punishments.

our present Summary Court, these two changes of prime importance will occur:

1. Enlisted men may be appointed to serve as members of the court, if the accused is an enlisted man.
2. Officers may be tried.

The Special Court will be composed of not less than three members—but there is no limitation placed on the number of members who may sit in judgment.

If the accused wants enlisted men sitting on the court, he will make a request in writing prior to trial, and not less than one-third of the court will be made up of enlisted men (of equal or senior rank to the accused) and from a unit other than that of the accused.

Maximum punishments are defined. (SEE TABLE C) There is no listing of inflexible authorized punishments. It is interesting to note that the Special Court can pass sentences which today could be awarded by a General Court only.

Today a man who is 32 days AWOL will get a General Court and usually a sentence of six months confinement. Under the new set-up such a man will probably be tried by Special Court. Possibly, when the administrative procedure is worked out, such offenders may be sent to the retraining command: impossible under the present system unless the man is a General Court-Martial prisoner.

The prosecution will be known as the Trial Counsel. Under AGN the prosecutors were called recorders; and many untrained officers have by necessity held that job. A result of the UCMJ will be the development of more trained legal officers who will prosecute as well as advise the court on all legal technicalities. Evils that might arise from having an inexperienced officer in charge will be reduced to a minimum.

Under AGN all court records had to be written up in complete, finished form, with a minimum of typographical errors, before they were forwarded to the convening authority. It was a time-consuming job to turn out page after page of testimony in finished form. The UCMJ speeds that up. Complete records are kept of course. But in Special Courts the testimony is written up formally only when a BCD is awarded; otherwise the record shows only the procedural steps.

Under UCMJ the counsel appointed to defend the accused must be of the same qualifications as the trial counsel. For example: if the prosecutor is a lawyer, the defense counsel appointed by the convening authority must also be a lawyer. (The accused does not have to accept the attorney appointed by the court; he has a right to choose his own lawyer; if he picks a lemon that's tough.)

Only serious cases will reach General Court.

A pre-trial investigation serves to screen the serious cases. For instance, Pfc Joe Blow dopes off seriously. He is accused of wilfully destroying property. His CO recommends a General Court. Under UCMJ Joe Blow will first get a pre-trial investigation, for the purpose of collecting and verifying evidence. The investigation will be conducted by a disinterested authority, testimony taken. Joe Blow is given the benefit of counsel and the right to cross-examine prosecution witnesses. The investigator turns over the records to the CO with an opinion. The CO turns it over to his staff judge advocate (a trained legal officer) and Joe Blow, who kicked out a Pullman window after he couldn't open it, might find himself in a Summary or Special Court instead of a General.

The greatest changes in our legal and judicial set-up under UCMJ occur in General Court-Martial composition and procedure.

As under Rocks and Shoals a General Court will consist of not less than five members. AGN limited the members of a General Court to 13. UCMJ places no limit on the number who may compose the court. One-third of the court may be composed of enlisted men if the accused requests it. (Same as Special Court.)

Without a doubt the biggest upheaval in the composition of the General Court is that it will operate with a legal officer in charge. This was unknown under AGN. Formerly the Court acted as judge and jury with the President of the Court in control. Now the law officer will act as a referee. Thus we may observe the spectacle of a lieutenant sitting in charge of a court composed of generals and colonels! The law officer is not a member of the court. His status is that of a Federal judge. Like a judge he rules on all technicalities, motions, and contested points. His ruling is final (with the exception of ruling on the accused's sanity, or should the accused challenge the law officer or members of the court.) He charges the Court, as a jury is charged before it retires to consider a verdict.

Under AGN the court lost much time, voting on technicalities, clearing the courtroom, and reaching decisions on minor points.

The law officer will be one of the highest trained specialists in the Navy. He must be a member of the bar of

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a Federal Court; or of the highest court of a state of the United States and his qualifications must be certified by the Judge Advocate General.

Thus it will be necessary, if the UCMJ is to function smoothly, to provide a corps of legal specialists. Unofficial estimates say 400 lawyers will be required by the Navy. Approximately one-sixth of this total will be connected with the Marine Corps; about 70 law officers for the Marines.

General Courts take a long time, especially when the accused has pleaded "Not Guilty," or when the prosecution fails to have enough evidence to convict. Under UCMJ the counsel for the defense can demand, in the middle of the trial, that the case be thrown out of court. This is called, in legal terminology, "A Motion for Directed Verdict." Civilian courts have had it for years. It works this way:

The prosecution presents its case, attempting to nail the defendant on charges and specifications. After the prosecution has done its worst with all its evidence and testimony, the defense asks for a directed verdict on the grounds of insufficient evidence. If the law officer decides that the prosecution doesn't have a good case against the accused, the trial is finished. (A legal officer has estimated unofficially that about one-third of the not guilty General Court cases today would be dismissed at this point.) Under AGN the trial would drag on until it finally handed down an acquittal. A dismissal when it was apparent to the Court that there was insufficient evidence would save a week of the Court's time and possibly several hundred pages of recorded testimony.

Under the present system much is lacking in the system of review for all courts. The UCMJ has provided an elaborate system including the Court of Military Appeals which will be comprised of three civilian judges. They will be salaried the same as Justices of the Circuit Court of Appeals ($17,500 a year.)

The prisoner, under AGN, who is found guilty according to specifications; doesn't know what his sentence will be until the convening authority has approved the findings of the Court. Under the new code the Court will announce its sentence to the parties as soon as determined. This will eliminate the days and weeks (sometimes months) of worrying on the part of the prisoner, and will allow the prisoner, in most cases, to start paying his debt, and his counsel to file a brief, immediately.

Military justice has come a long way since the days of Richard, Coeur de Lion. In 1190, when he was passing through France on his way to join his fleet at Marseilles to sail for the Holy Land, he issued these six important rules of discipline:

1. Anyone that should kill another on board ship should be tied to the dead body and thrown into the sea.
2. Anyone that should kill another on land should be tied to the dead body and buried with it in the earth.
3. Anyone lawfully convicted of drawing a knife or other weapon with intent to strike another so as to draw blood, should lose his hand.
4. Anyone striking another with the hand, no blood being shed, should be dipt thrice in the sea.
5. Anyone uttering opprobrious or contumelious words to the insulting or cusing of another should, on each occasion, pay one ounce of silver to the injured person.
6. Anyone lawfully convicted of theft should have his head shaved and boiling pitch poured upon it, and feathers or down should then be strewn upon it, for the distinguishing of the offender; and upon the first occasion he should be put on shore.

Today's disciplinary regulations lack the flourishes found in those of the old Coeur but it all adds up to this: if you foul up, you're going to get it in the neck. As under Rocks and Shoals the boom will be lowered on you. It just happens faster and possibly with less confusion under UCMJ.

If you keep your nose clean, it is probable that you will never see the grimly efficient Articles of the UCMJ in action—except in a few isolated instances. Here is what could happen to you under Article 139 paragraphs a & b. (Redress of injuries to property.)

You are a member of a company on a maneuver, a tactical problem, and you're using live ammunition. You're out in the boondocks and some wise guy, just to see if his front sight is in line with the rear, draws a bead on a wandering cow, and pots her between the horns.

The apple knocker who owns and loves the cow screams to the Commanding Officer. An investigation results. If the culprit cannot be found, but it is known that he has to be a member of your company, then you as a member of that company can get clipped. The CO agrees to the amount of damages and each member of the company could be required to pay an equal share of that damage. Suppose the cow was worth $1500. There are 100 men in the company. You might have to pay for a $15 hunk of beef through no fault of your own—and this can be taken from your pay without your consent.

The possible interpretation of UCMJ is still a matter of conjecture. Until the administrative Manual is written to replace Naval Courts and Boards and the legal eagles fight it out, the chances are that Marines won't notice the difference between UCMJ and Rocks and Shoals. That's the way we like it. A good Marine keeps away from any kind of punishment, judicial or non-judicial. **END**

It was all in a days' match firing for the man who broke the record by five points

WELL OVER BY FIVE

by SSgt. Robert W. Tallent
Leatherneck Staff Writer

CWO Remes E. De LaHunt

Sketches for the De LaHunt story were made in the field by Sgt. Stanley Dunlap, Leatherneck *artist*

THERE is little doubt that Commissioned Warrant Officer Remes E. De LaHunt is one of the coolest citizens ever to claim Cedar Rapids, Iowa, as his home town. At the Marine Corps Matches after he'd squeezed off his last round at 600 yards and seen the white disk shoot up from the butts, he knew he'd broken the existing rifle record by five points and in all probability won the 1950 rifle matches. The pressure both on and behind the firing line was an alive almost visible thing for it is at this final stage that matches are won—yet CWO De LaHunt, as he straightened up from his prone position on the line, might have been getting up from a Sunday siesta.

After accepting the envious congratulations of his brother competitors, he strolled over to a beverage vending machine inside the rifle range administration building and bought himself a root beer. He stood around for awhile quietly talking to a friend about some of the previous matches, then took a last glance at the tally board before shoving off for the BOQ.

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WELL OVER BY FIVE (cont.)

Winning the Marine Corps Rifle trophy is a big league accomplishment. Often the points separating the winning shooter from the next dozen competitors can be tallied on the fingers of one hand. Here's an example: De LaHunt blazed a 578x600, the next marksman, Second Lieutenant LeMoin Cox fired a 576 but the following 47 shooters were separated by only 28 points. With the possible exception of the National Rifle Matches, to be fired again this year, there isn't any tougher competition. In the Marine Matches there are usually a number of the country's best shooters with pistol and rifle. To beat them takes practice, iron nerves, an encyclopedic knowledge of your weapon and the right ammunition, a little luck and the ability to stay in the black when it counts.

Long practice, accounts, in part, for the coolness which De LaHunt wears as comfortably as a shooting jacket during a match. He started firing in team competitions in 1932 as a member of the rifle squad on the *USS West Virginia*. The next year he fired in the Western Division matches, then in 1934 he took first bronze in the Western Division firing and placed second in the Marine Corps Matches at San Diego. He became a Distinguished Marksman the following year when he took another first bronze in the Western Divvie. That year he joined the Marine Corps Rifle Team for the matches at Camp Perry, and again fired on the Marine team the following year. The team took the national title both years. In 1936, as a member of the Fleet Marine Force team, he helped annex the coveted Bear Trophy, top honor for Western area team shooters.

During the next three years De LaHunt was with the Sixth Marines. He fired only in the Western matches. As he puts it, "I placed in all of them."

In 1939 he hit the black on the old course to the tune of 576; remember, on the old match course the distance included a firing at 1000 yards. His score broke the range record.

Of his outstanding accomplishments De LaHunt is perhaps proudest of the achievement he and the Marines made in the National Matches at Camp Perry in 1936. In the previous year the Marines had taken the National Match for the third consecutive time. This was the first time that any team had made this record.

National Match firing means just that, the finest marksmen in the country turn out with the best equipment available and the team winners' trophy gets around more than a scuttlebutt

rumor in the FMF. The chances of the Marines even placing in the first five that year looked lean, indeed. Three straight was an impossibly good string.

Chief Marine Gunner Calvin Lloyd was the coach of the team. After team practice got underway Gunner Lloyd called the shooters together. Lloyd himself was an old time shooter as well as being a slightly acidulous Marine.

"You people," he addressed the assembly, "we've won the matches three straight, you know what we're going to do this year?"

He glowered at the cream of the Corps' rifle experts daring someone to answer the question. When nobody spoke up, he continued, "We're going to work like hell and we're going to make it four in a row!"

The Gunner was right on both prophecies, the team worked harder than any Marine team had ever worked and they took the National Matches for the fourth straight time, a record that will stand for many years to come.

De LaHunt is ranked with Corps' "old shooters" now, but he appears youthful among the experts who've been firing 15 years or more. It's hard to believe that he enlisted in October of 1929. Ruddy complexioned, he's a little over medium height and carries a well knit 155 pounds on his frame.

Before he joined up he had some experience with the rifle. He recalls that he owned a .22 in his early teens at Cedar Rapids. He also remembers that he could never hit anything with it. Five years after he signed with the Corps he had taken second place in the Marine Corps Matches. That's pretty fair progress.

Speaking of marksmanship progress, there is another highlight in the shooting career of Remes De LaHunt that looms above even his prewar accomplishments. He did not fire an M-1 until 1946, yet he took fifth place in the '46 Western Division matches anyway. De LaHunt, after the battle for Corregidor in the opening stages of the war, became an involuntary guest of the Nips and passed four years in several of their infamous barbed-wire hotels. In spite of a rotten diet and man-killing labor, De LaHunt's eyesight and nerves remained unimpaired. He proved this in the '46 shooting despite his unfamiliarity with the Garand.

The sixth place in Western Division firing that year went to Rames O. De LaHunt, twin brother of Remes. The decision was close, both scored 548. Until recently, the De LaHunt twins were difficult to tell apart, but now the one in civvies is Rames. He retired from the Corps last December and is currently attending an electronics school in the San Diego area.

Before the matches this year Gunner De LaHunt was stationed at Parris Island. Currently he is at the range at Camp Matthews preparatory to firing in the National Matches at Camp Roberts which makes Mrs. Juliette De LaHunt quite happy. She thought Parris Island was all right, but she's a native of Los Angeles which automatically entitles her to unofficial membership in the Southern California Chamber of Commerce. The De LaHunts have two thriving youngsters, Patricia and Donald. Pat is the oldest, she's just entering her teens.

When a Marine can fire the match course and drop only 22 points out of a possible 600, he can be excused for any bragging he might care to indulge in. The sure-shot Iowan, however, seems to have difficulty understanding why anybody should make any fuss over firing a score like the one he just made. In his forthright way he'll admit it was a good score, after all it broke the Marine Corps record. He firmly believes though that his amazing tally will be bested next year in the matches and he predicts at least a 580. That theory leaves so much room for argument that you could sail the *Missouri* through it with considerable freeway. Someone, eventually, is going to break the new record, but in the opinion of several leading Marine riflemen the 578 mark has a mighty durable quality.

Before and during competition, De LaHunt observes no special training ritual other than making it a point to follow his normal routine. He likes coffee so he doesn't stop drinking his usual daily ration of 12 to 15 cups because he's firing a match. Generally he hits the sack around 11 each evening, so in match firing that's the time he secures. Once in awhile he tosses off a highball. When he is firing he makes it a point to rest every afternoon. Firing 60 to 90 shots a day means that the body is going to absorb considerable punishment especially if this is prolonged for any length of time. Getting extra rest, De LaHunt believes, is what keeps him in good condition.

During the Winter months when he can't get out on the range, Remes can be found during off-duty hours practicing on the indoor small bore range. He is a strong advocate of small bore shooting. This is not an exceptional theory but many shooters hew to the belief that small bore firing will harm a man's chances of becoming an expert big bore shooter.

To substantiate his point De LaHunt cites the showing made by Captain R. E. Dawson this year in the matches. Dawson fired a 571 which was good enough for sixth place. At 500 slow fire he was a fraction of a second late in getting off his last round; it cost him five points. If he had gotten the round off in time he would have finished up pressing Lieut. Cox for second place. Yet Capt. Dawson, who won the gold this year, failed to qualify on the range two years ago! How did he advance so fast? Lots of small bore practice.

This month when around 100 civilian and military teams start blasting it out at Camp Roberts for the National Rifle Team Match title, the Marines are favored to take the honors again. If the team does repeat its past triumphs, in all probability the poker-faced gunner will be partly responsible. **END**

WE-THE MARINES

Edited by Sgt. Frank X. Goss

Leatherneck will pay $5.00 for each W-T-M item accepted for publication

Ladies' Day

Pfcs Donna Hansen, Dorothy Ferderer and Paula Wiltshire, of Headquarters Battalion, Headquarters, Marine Corps, can claim the distinction of being the first Women Marines to do mess duty since the end of World War II.

The assignment came about when the mess officer requested the various sections of Headquarters, Marine Corps to assign messmen for the month of June. The officers in charge of the Allotment Branch, and the General Supply Section looked around their mostly-female offices and found they were sadly lacking in eligible Pfcs. Wiltshire, Hansen and Ferderer had just reported in from boot camp at Parris Island so they were a logical choice for the job. In less time than it takes to tell it, history had been made. They were assigned mess duty at the Henderson Hall mess hall.

The girls took the assignment just about as gracefully as the men usually do when saddled with 30 days of doling out chow to hungry Marines. There was the usual chopping and moans before the momentous first day of mess duty but after that had passed they found that the job wasn't so unpleasant after all.

"I'd rather work with men than women, anyhow," said Paula. "A man just tells you what to do and leaves you alone. If a woman was in charge she'd be too bossy," she explained.

Donna didn't mind that assignment either. "I worked in a cafeteria for awhile, so I don't mind serving the chow line. I'm used to it," she said.

"I've put on weight," complained Dorothy.

At the present time the Henderson Hall chow hall serves both male and female Marines. The men far outnumber the women but as living quarters for the Women Marines become avail-

It didn't take a double wedding for two Marine Pfcs to get married. Cutting their wedding cake are Pfc and Mrs. William R. Wilder, Jr. The bride, formerly Nancy Olsen of Chicago, is also a Pfc. The bride and groom are both stationed at HQMC

Reservist Jim Whitehead sent this pic of Miss National Press Photography. She is Sue Carol Walker of Atlanta

able on the base it is expected that the ratio will even off. Consequently, there will be a greater number of women assigned to mess duty.

Just for the record, the male Marines who worked with Paula and Donna didn't mind having the girls for sidekicks, either.

"Made the time go quicker," said one of the men.

Hardboiled?

According to a news release from El Toro, a bird flew before it was hatched. That sounds far-fetched but the El Toro Public Information office claims it's true. The news release stated that ground crewmen discovered a bird's nest, complete with egg, resting snugly atop an engine of a MAG-33 transport plane that had just completed a round-trip flight between El Toro and San Diego.

The discovery was made when the plane taxiied to a stop and crewmen immediately noticed a sparrow perch-

ing itself on the propellor blade. While they were watching they were startled to see another bird fly from beneath the cowling.

Closer inspection revealed the nest in a slight depression on top of one of the cylinders, partially protected from the slipstream by a half inch lead line. The birds had made their home of straw, medical gauze, aircraft safety wire, cord, and small pieces of Marine dungarees.

The birds had been shrewd enough to select a plane that had been grounded for two days while undergoing minor repairs. While the Marines had worked on one engine the birds were working on the other.

When the mechanics had completed the repair job the plane was turned over to Colonel W. H. Miller who took it up on a test flight. It is assumed that the nest and the egg made at least three flights.

Many pilots have boasted that they could set a plane down on the runway without breaking an egg; few have ever proved their point as well as Col. Miller.

Oh, yes. When the nest was discovered it was moved to a safe spot under an eave of Group Headquarters building.

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These Women Marines appear happy enough slicing spuds. Actually, women on mess duty are seldom assigned to the vegetable department; they serve the chow line. From L. to R.: Donna Hansen, Dorothy Ferderer, and Paula Wiltshire, all Pfcs

Movie star Shelley Winters gets a few pointers on handling a shooting iron from TSgts Stanley J. Petrowski (left) and Samuel Zamoic, New Haven, Conn., recruiters. The star appeared at the opening of her new film, 'Winchester 73', in Bridgeport

Heritage of Belleau Wood

An impressive ceremony was held at Quantico recently when members of the Veterans of Belleau Wood presented the Marine Corps with the colors they adopted after World War I. Although the colors were not the battle colors of the famous Marine outfits which participated in the memorable battle of Belleau Wood, they commemorate the achievements of the Fifth and Sixth Marine Regiments and the 6th Machine Gun Battalion, the organizations which comprised the Marine Brigade of World War I fame.

The colors will be on display in the Marine Corps Museum at Quantico with other relics of the Corps' illustrious past.

The presentation was made by New York City Police Lieutenant William F. Gaynor, past Commandant of the Veterans of Belleau Wood. Lieutenant General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., then Commandant of the Marine Corps Schools and now Commanding General, Fleet Marine Force, Pacific, accepted the colors on behalf of the Marine Corps.

During World War II the colors were carried in the wardroom of the USS *Belleau Wood*, through 22 engagements in the Pacific.

William F. Gaynor, Past Commandant of the Veterans of Belleau Wood, explains significance of design on colors of the organization to Lt. Gen. L. C. Shepherd, Jr. The colors were a recent donation to the Marine Corps Museum, Quantico, Va.

Sgt. W. W. Sims explains the rudiments of a fire engine to a group of Trukese. Sims is NCO in charge of the Truk District Pacific Insular Constabulary. Although the unit is primarily a police force, it also serves as the local fire department

Truk Driver

Marine Sergeant William W. Sims is a one-man law enforcement agency . . . and his place of duty is the once-mighty Japanese stronghold of Truk, now reduced to a one-Marine post.

Sgt. Sims holds the lofty title, "Non-Commissioned Officer in Charge of the Truk District Pacific Insular Constabulary." As the NCO-I-C of the TDPIC, Sims is responsible for holding drills and inspections for the small detachment of Truk native policemen in his charge.

The police force is a triple-threat group. It enforces law and order, acts as the island's "minute men," and serves as the fire department in case of a fire.

Sims has to work hard to keep his force on the alert. At his lonely Pacific island outpost he has a complete day's work cut out for himself. He must instruct his men on military subjects, police and firemen duties, and put the proper amount of spit and polish on the natives to assure a smooth-running organization. It is a job calling for a versatility uncommon in the present-day specialized Marine Corps, but one that draws a favorable comparison be-

tween Sgt. Sims and the old Corps Marines who nobly handled similar assignments with native constabulary units in Cuba, Haiti, Panama and Nicaragua.

Flying Devildogs

The Marine Corps will take over a small portion of Hollywood soon when RKO Radio Studios starts production on "Flying Devildogs," a saga of Marine aviation in World War II.

The film will be produced by Ed Grainger, producer of "Sands of Iwo Jima" for Republic Studios. "Sands" was selected as one of the top films of 1949 and awarded the Exhibitor's Laurel Award. RKO expects the new picture to draw as well at the box office.

The picture, filmed in Technicolor, will concentrate on the flying exploits of Marines. The full cooperation of the Corps has been extended. Lieutenant Colonel Richard D. Hughes, USMC, of the First Marine Air Wing has been assigned as technical advisor.

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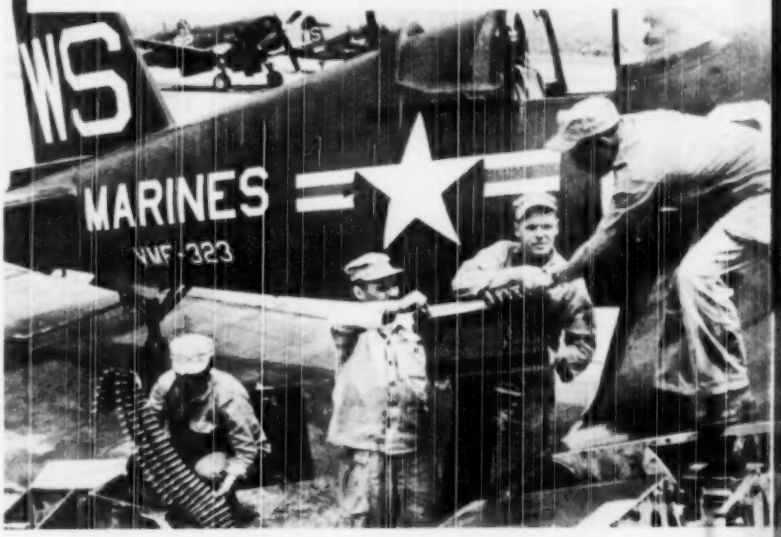
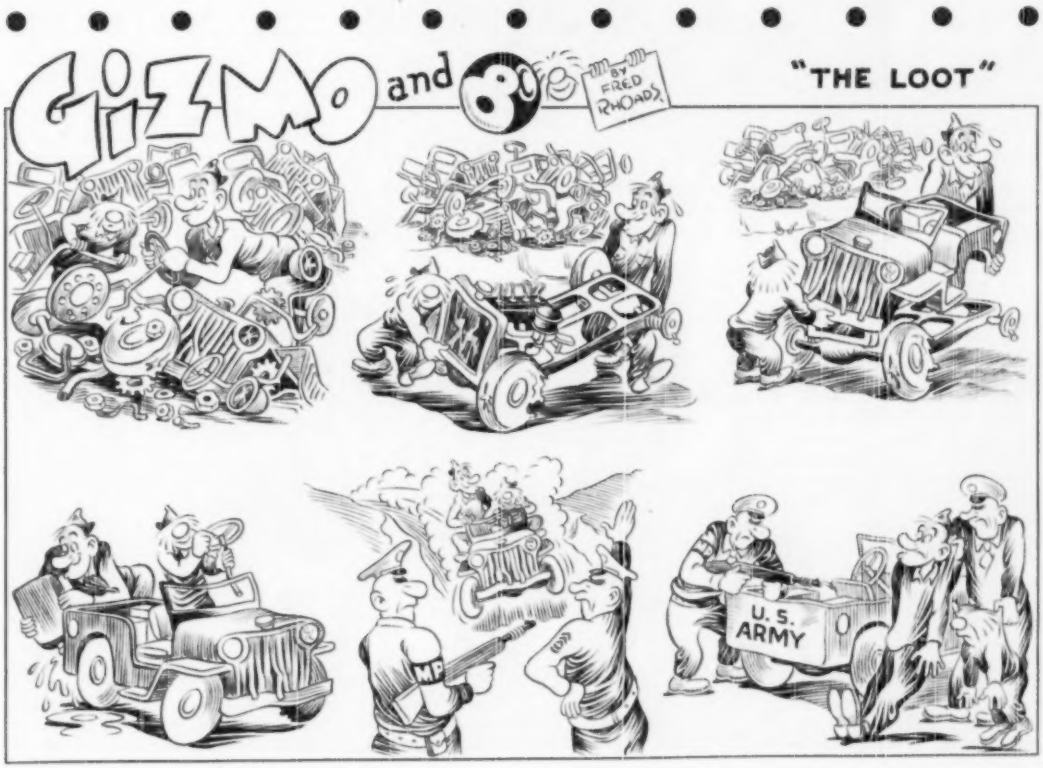
Scenes like this were common at MCAS, El Toro, Calif., following the alert for action in the Pacific. The men loading 20-mm. ammunition into a fighter plane are: (l. to r.) Corp. R. Jefferson, Sgt. F. Ogaz, MSgt. D. W. Huber and TSgt. O. Locke





Congratulations were in order when Richard Franz followed his father's example and enlisted in the Marine Corps. The elder Franz, veteran of 17 years service, gives his son a handclasp. Capt. M. D. Smith, Raleigh recruiting officer, looks on

Proof Positive

The old adage, "Like father, like son," could aptly apply to the case of Master Sergeant Walter J. Franz and his son, Richard. The veteran of over 17 years service recently recruited the lad for a four-year cruise in the Corps.

MSgt. Franz' three sons seem destined to lead a military life; now that Dick is in the Marine Corps, Howard, 16, has hopes of attending the Naval Academy at Annapolis next year. The youngest boy, Johnny, age three, tells the world that he is just standing by for the day when he, too, may lead the life of a Marine.

According to Sgt. Franz, his son's decision to join the Marine Corps was not a hasty one. High school, for Dick, was loaded with dull routine. His father's tales of travel and adventure suggested that life might be more exciting on the other side of the Marine Corps fence.

Finally, the decision was made. With the mental and physical tests successfully passed, Dick was sworn into the Marine Corps with his father standing by his side.

Captain M. D. Smith, officer in charge of the Raleigh, N.C., recruiting office, added an interesting footnote:

"You know," he said, "it was just about nine years ago that my father stood by my side while I was sworn into the Marine Corps."

Music Lover

Pfc John Baker loves music! He just eats it up. In fact, that's exactly what happened to his last harmonica.

He swallowed it!

It happened recently at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot in San Diego, just as he was drawing in a great breath to play "The Music Goes Down and Around."

He tried to cough up the inch and a half-long harmonica, but it wouldn't come. The music just kept going down and around.

At sick bay he wheezed out his story to the doctor. The doctor appreciated good music. He was so appreciative he kept the mouth organ enthusiast in sick bay to see how long the concert would last.

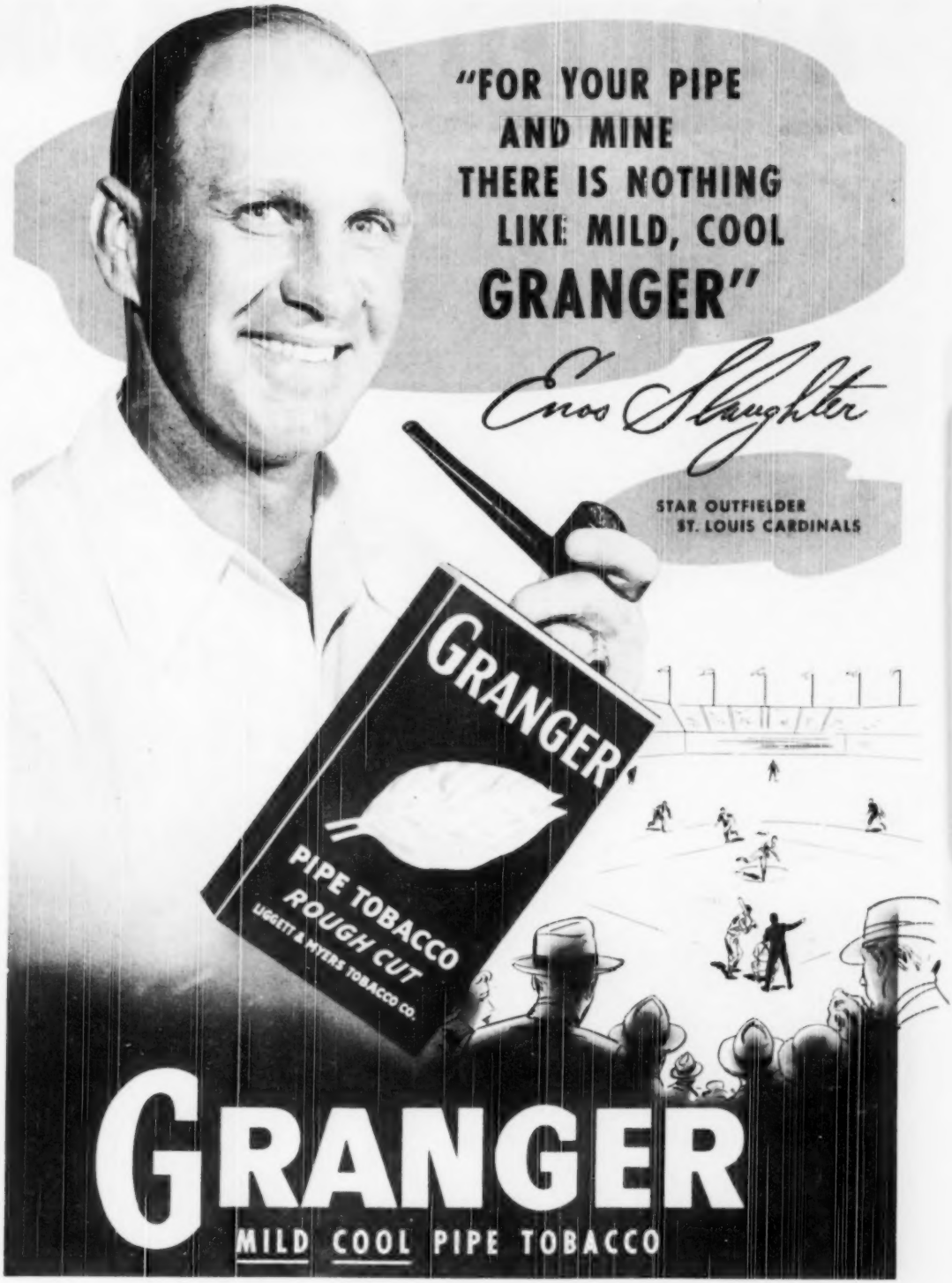
After several days the concert ended and virtuoso Baker was once again a well man.

Still undaunted, Pfc Baker plans to continue playing harmonicas, but in the future he will attach one end of a line to the instrument and the other end to his belt.

For Baker, we suggest a tuba.

END

Major General J. T. Walker administers the oath of office to Second Lieutenants (L. to R.) Henry G. Roberts, William J. Varley and Charles R. Livingston. The men were among the 11 enlisted Marines recently selected for specialist promotions


"FOR YOUR PIPE
AND MINE
THERE IS NOTHING
LIKE MILD, COOL
GRANGER"
Enos Slaughter
STAR OUTFIELDER
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GRANGER
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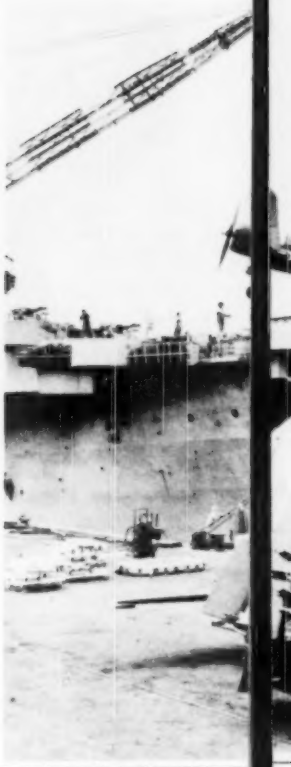
AN OUTFIT LOADS FOR

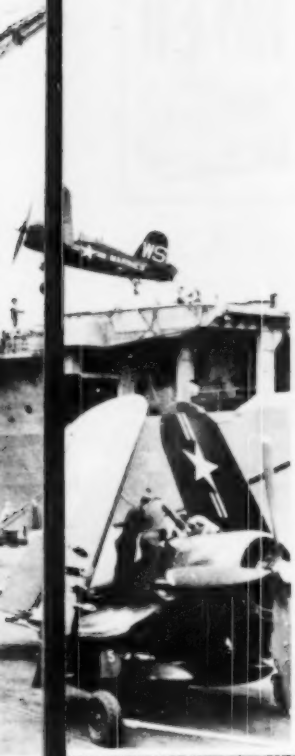
FIRST AIR-GROUND TEAM TO LEAVE U.S. FOR A COMBAT AREA



SHOVES OFF FROM WEST COAST.

RWAR!

INFANTRY, AND SUPPORT UNITS JOIN UN DEFENDERS IN KOREA



ST. RAINED MARINE CORPS AIR,

GREMLINS [*continued from page 45*]

the lashing and roaring of the storm.

"Better bail! Get out!" said Tate's voice.

I said, "No, sir. I'll ride her down with you. You'll get her out!"

"Bail dammit—that's an order!" he shouted.

If you learn to pop every time you hear an order, you'll pop, pratically without thinking. That's what I did. I went automatically into the motions that would bail me out. I jerked my oxygen line off, leaving the bail-out bottle. I unplugged my headsets and throat mike. I yanked away the safety belt. I took a bundle, a small bundle, from the floor of the cockpit—and the bundle suddenly wriggled and got away from me. It was the black and white kitten I was saving for Jane.

"Hey!" I said. I looked around, and couldn't see it. Down around the cockpit floor somewhere again, I supposed—

But that broke my automatic spell. I was no longer reacting to a shouted order now, and I could think for myself. I looked at my unfastened safety belt in some surprise and said, "Hey. What am I doing?" And fastened it again.

I was slammed, and then pressed into the seat suddenly. With incredible pressure. I heard a groaning, and I thought at first it might be me, then realized suddenly it was the structure of the ship. She was getting all the strain of a Sherman tank rolling over her. The mingled sound of the jets and the slipstream sirened, changing pitch. The banshees could have learned something from it—

This is it, I thought, and then remembered I'd once promised myself never to use that corny phrase if I ever got into a situation where it really was *it*.

Suddenly there was bright blue all around. Clear, endless heavenly blue. Well, I thought, I made the grade. Didn't really expect it . . .

I looked out of the cockpit. It wasn't Heaven. The ochre ground was down there, and when I turned I saw the great boiling chimney of the thunderstorm behind us. I hooked up my mike again.

"Nice going, lieutenant!" I shouted. "That's the way to do it!"

He looked around, surprised to find me still with him. And on his face was the most curious, subdued expression of awe I had ever seen. He didn't answer me.

He landed neatly, greasing her in, some minutes later. When we rolled up to the line, men came running out to hear the score. Major Bobo Laramie was among them. After flame-out, when it was quiet, I saw Tate step slowly from the plane, walk right up to Laramie and stare at him queerly. I hopped out myself, and listened.

"Doug, you look like you've seen a ghost," said Bobo.

Tate said, "Almost." His voice was hollow. "I got pulled into a dive. Didn't think I'd make it—couldn't get the controls to work. Just when I thought I was a goner, I felt this—this *something*—this *presence*—like a hand on my shoulder. Seemed to be telling me I could do it. I could. And—well—I did."

"Doug," said Bobo, putting his hand on the lieutenant's shoulder. "You've met one at last. A gremlin. And for that I'll buy you a drink." As far as I know, he was dead serious.

I waited until they walked away. And then I reached back in the rear cockpit and took the black-and-white kitty out. I knew now where she'd gone when she'd wriggled from my grasp.

I was plenty glad she had.

I was glad, too, that Major Bobo Laramie and Lieut. Douglas Tate would be busy the rest of the afternoon buying each other drinks.

That left me and kitty a fine, clear field with Jane. **END**

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S	W	I	F	T			T	R	A	C	E	

BOOKS REVIEWED

THE SPEARHEAD. By Howard M. Conner. Infantry Journal Press. $6.50

WHEN a Marine levels his rifle against an enemy it isn't with the intention of adding glorious footnotes to history. And when a Marine wades to shore against rifle fire and bombardment, it isn't his personal aim to provide sensational photography for picture takers.

Nevertheless, combat photographers and correspondents chronicled thousands of words and pictures of Marines in action during World War II. They did this simply by being on hand whenever a combat unit made a move. It was their business to be glued alongside the fighting Marines, taking pictures, making notes. Their reasoning was that some day, when the war was over, historians might want to stethoscope the heartaches and measure the blood that had been lost by men who fought through the Pacific. The indicator for measuring those sacrifices, as well as accomplishments, has appeared in the form of a book—"The Spearhead" by Howard M. Conner.

Primarily a history of the Fifth Marine Division during World War II, "The Spearhead" makes no attempt to glorify the actions and conduct of the Fifth. Instead it presents a hard-knuckled, factual account of everything the division did, right or wrong, from the day it came into being until it was dispersed at war's end.

The Fifth got only one good taste of combat—Iwo Jima. But no one can say that the Fifth Division saw less than its share of fighting. The 5000 white crosses the Fifth left on Iwo bear silent, ominous proof.

"The Spearhead" is a vivid record of how tens of thousands of Americans answered a call to duty and how they fulfilled that duty. Its pages serve as white crosses—lest someone should forget. —R.O.L.

END

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by Howard M. Conner. The story of the Fifth Marine Division, a well-trained organization that did its share in the history-making battle of Iwo Jima. $6.50

FAMOUS AMERICAN MARINES

by Charles Lee Lewis. An account of the exploits of some of our heroic "Soldiers of the Sea" and the part they played in making the history of the Marine Corps. $3.75

THE NONCOM'S GUIDE

The completely up-to-date 1950 edition that provides information for all non-commissioned officers. It also contains the new pay system. $2.50

WORLDS IN COLLISION

by Immanuel Velikovsky. A startling theory concerning the effect of cosmic disturbances on human history. $4.00

COMES THE COMRADE

by Alexandra Orme. A humorous yet exciting account of the Russian "liberation" of a Hungarian town. $3.00

MASK OF GLORY

Dan Levin. A war novel centering around a nineteen-year old Marine whose ambition to be a scientist was to be forgotten when he learned, instead, how to hate and kill. $3.00

THE STUBBORN HEART

by Frank G. Slaughter. An account of a Confederate Army surgeon's return home and of his fight to keep it from falling into greedy hands. $3.00

THE GRAND ALLIANCE

by Winston Churchill. Churchill's third volume which begins with the German drive in the East and includes his story of the Atlantic Conference. $6.00

CATCHER FROM DOUBLE-A

by Duane Decker. A sports yarn which deals with the rise and fall of a catcher who seemed doomed to the bush-league for good until he received help from a fading veteran. $2.50

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